

ANGLICAN PHENOMENA

THE affairs of the Anglican Church are of intense and legitimate interest to Catholics in England, because it occupies a position which by rights is theirs and is endeavouring to perform a function for which their Church alone has the commission. We, who through God's mercy are in assured possession of His whole revelation and have unfettered access to all His means of grace, are, therefore, watching with keen concern the result of divorcing that revelation from its infallible guarantee and of blocking those sacramental channels whereby supernatural well-being is secured. In Anglicanism we see an endeavour, doomed in the long run to failure, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to have all the benefits of religious truth without paying for it by obedience of intellect, to belong to a spiritual organization and yet retain spiritual independence. The spectacle makes us more fully conscious of, and more deeply grateful for, our own undeserved privileges; more anxious, too, that others, whose good-will is undoubtedly, should share with us our dearest possession, our Faith.

Can there be faith, theological faith, in the Anglican system? Since faith is the undoubting acceptance of revealed truth on God's authority, any sincere non-Catholic, convinced that certain truths have been revealed by God, may be moved by God's grace to believe them undoubtingly. He may not be able to justify his conviction that God has spoken, in other words, his "motives for credibility" may be insufficient,—as are the motives of those who take the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith,—but he can perform a real act of intellectual submission in thus adhering to what God has *de facto* revealed, because He has revealed it. The Catholic, on the other hand, tolerates nothing unreal or unreasonable in his motives for belief. The metaphysical proofs of the possibility, the historic proofs of the fact, of revelation are such that he is justified in holding that God has spoken, and, on that account, he willingly and firmly believes what God says, however mysterious and above his comprehension—the more so that God has provided in the Church a living and permanent witness to this revelation. "How are you to know what God has revealed?" asks the Catechism, and the answer is, "By the testimony, teaching and authority of the Catholic Church." That is the

normal way by which a knowledge of the fact and the contents of revelation is reached, because Christ, who is the chief source of revelation, established His Church with the commission to teach it to all nations.

It is obvious that outside the Church divine faith is reached only with difficulty and is exposed, because of the instability of its motives, to many dangers. And, as a matter of fact we find that there are many Anglicans from whose utterances may be gathered that they do not understand, still less possess, the virtue of faith.

The "Modern Churchmen," for instance, have abandoned faith altogether. They hold nothing that is not evidenced by experience or provable by reason. They use the word faith as a mere synonym for trust. Dr. Major, one of their leaders, prophesied¹ "The Catholic Church of the future will demand neither dogmas nor Sacraments as essentials of membership. She will substitute *Amo* for *Credo* in her formularies." Bishop Barnes, as he himself has proclaimed, will not admit spiritual realities which cannot be physically tested. "Unless I see . . . I will not believe." The same prelate holds that "science" has disproved the whole scheme of theology centring round the Fall of man—therefore the Incarnation, therefore the Redemption, therefore the Sacraments, therefore the institutional Church herself. St. Paul speaks of "making void the Cross of Christ." How completely has this outrage been accomplished by a Christian Bishop whose office it is supposed to be to preach Christ crucified. And, as the Bishop of Birmingham rejects faith in favour of the changing and fallible conclusions of physical science, so in like manner, Bishop Gore hands over to historical critics the authenticity of the written revelation of God, in whole and in part. "The judge of such facts is historical science : it is a new judge, sitting in a new court." The words "historical science" simply cover the varying and often contradictory opinions of fallible men, —a tribunal which would render the authenticity and meaning of the Scriptures for ever doubtful : a sad prospect for those whose "faith" is solely derived therefrom.

The fact is these Anglicans have no choice in the matter. They recognize no final teaching authority still persisting on earth, so, not being able to claim special inspiration, they must fall back on the interpretation of dead documents and base their opinions on the consensus of experts. Their own

¹ *The Modern Churchman*, January, 1925.

² Reported in *Church Times*, March 12, 1926.

Church disclaims infallibility and refuses, wisely enough, any definite interpretation of her own formularies. "The Glory of the Church of England," says one fervent apologist,¹ unwitting that he is describing really its futility, "is that it requires you to believe the great historic facts of the Christian religion, but as to the interpretations of them and the doctrines in which we formulate what these facts teach, the Church is very, very sparing." It would be hard to base faith on the words of a teacher like this who says, "You must accept the creed, but I can't tell you what it means." But that aspect of the Church of England, its "comprehensiveness," which is a polite phrase for its ignorance of the truth, has been so emphasized of late, even by the "Anglo-Catholics," that we need not dwell upon it. Undoubtedly, the best way of avoiding reproach is to turn its supposed grounds into a cause of boasting, which is what the Rev. C. F. Rogers does when he exclaims, "Though the English Church may have many faults, and the Roman (as she undoubtedly has) many virtues, we have the advantage over her that we do not claim to be infallible."² Owing to this "advantage" the ultimate basis of the average Anglican's "faith" is private judgment, and thus it has no claim to stability and permanence. The essence of faith is to be unshakably sure of your position, but Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, deprecating any persecution of the Modernists because of their denial of Christ's Divinity, could say,³ "I think their theory is wrong, *but it may be right*. Time will show." Probably, the Bishop does not realize that he thus declares his hold upon the central doctrine of Christianity to be provisional. Similarly, the Rev. Wilfred Knox, who remains an Anglican because he thinks he thus belongs to the true Church, contemplates the possibility of Anglicanism turning out to be false,⁴ in which event he reserves for himself the liberty to abandon it. Such mentality would be impossible in the case of a real Catholic.

If Anglicans in this way lack the foundations of true faith in revelation, they are equally wanting in a definite knowledge of its contents. Very significant were the remarks addressed in 1924 to the annual "Anglo-Catholic" Congress by Sir Henry Slesser, adjuring that body not to be content with exciting the emotions but to try to formulate a definite code

¹ Canon Peter Green, reported in *Church Times*, April 4, 1924.

² "Rome and the Early Church," p. 54.

³ at Durham in 1921.

⁴ See in "The Catholic Movement in the Church of England," the final sentences.

of belief. If that is still to be done by those who approach most closely to Catholicism in their creed, how much more indefinite, dim and fluctuating must be the tenets of the rest of the Establishment? The fact is notorious, and it is acknowledged by those most concerned. As we have frequently reminded our readers, there exists an Anglican Commission on Doctrinal Unity appointed by the Archbishops with the reference :—

To consider the nature and grounds of Christian doctrine with a view to demonstrating the extent of existing agreement within the Church of England and with a view to investigating how far it is possible to remove or diminish existing differences.

This commission was appointed in 1923, and each year in the autumn it emerges from obscurity to prove it is still alive and functioning. The last appearance it made was in September of this year at Cambridge, when some score members met at Cambridge to discuss their insoluble problem. They are selected from all sections of Anglicanism and their chances of agreeing may be measured by the perennial newspaper disputes which those dissident sections carry on in the comprehensive bosom of the Establishment. It will be a long time, we fancy, before that Commission issues a report and when it does it will settle nothing. As far as we know, it has issued no message this year corresponding to the vaguely optimistic one of last. In spite of the intrinsic impossibility of finding a definite standard of doctrine in Anglicanism, owing not so much to the absence of creeds and written tradition in the Bible and the creeds and the 39 Articles, as to the absence of an authorized and infallible interpreter of their meaning, it is quite common to see appeals to the teaching of the Anglican Church, and accusations of disloyalty to that teaching. Every now and then, there is a "Great United Protestant Demonstration" in the Albert Hall to counteract, if may be, the "Anglo-Catholic" Congresses in the same building, and there is much invocation of the "principles of the Reformation," in humorous oblivion of the fact that the main principle of the Reformation—"take your Bible and think for yourself"—justifies all those against whom they protest. On April 30, 1925, there appeared in *The Times* a manifesto headed "A Call to Action" and signed by some 130 prominent members of the Low and Broad sections of the Establishment, men of all shades of belief and negation. The occasion was a resolution in favour of Reservation of the Sacrament passed by

the Canterbury House of Clergy, but as the action they called for was not specified, nothing came of the manifesto but an overwhelming spate of words which only demonstrated the hopeless illogicality of the Protestant position.

In the circumstances, therefore, there is a certain irony in the prolonged discussion as to whether the revision of the Prayer Book involves or not a change in Anglican doctrine. It is as if one were to try to determine a spot by reference to co-ordinates which were not only indistinct but variable. Considering that the Elizabethan Church was founded in a wholesale abandonment of Catholic doctrine, by individuals exercising their personal judgments, why should the process stop? The Catholic Church to-day is said "to have added to the creeds by defining the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility"; what shall we say of the additions made by the Elizabethan Church, nearly three-fourths of whose thirty-nine Articles have no support in the ancient symbols? The process has not stopped, as we all know. There is very little left of the creeds in the Modernists' code of belief: the Bible is rejected by many as a certain source of revelation: the interpretation of formularies of Anglicanism, no one pretends authoritatively to determine. In brief, the Elizabethan Church cannot teach: when it tries to do so, all that is heard is a babel of conflicting voices. It, therefore, cannot say what is truth and what is error, what is orthodoxy and what is heresy, in any proposition put before it. It has less power than a club to determine who shall belong to it and what they shall believe. In fact, its official head, speaking to his Diocesan Conference on October 6, 1926, laid down, not faith or baptism as a condition of membership, but—English citizenship!

Every baptized Englishman, in one sense every Englishman whether baptized or not, has a relation to the National Church and a right, if he choose to claim it, to the ministry, public and private, of its officers, and a share through Parliament in controlling its legislation and administration, its judicial system and certain elements of its public life,¹—

including, according to the Gorham judgment, the determination of its doctrine.

Latterly, owing to Bishop Barnes characterizing the belief that any real change is effected in the Eucharistic elements by the words of consecration as a belief in magic leading to idolatry, attention has been directed towards discovering

¹ v. *Church Times*, October 8, 1926, p. 386.

what Anglicanism purports to hold on this subject. No one can say for certain. "The Church of England," said Archbishop Temple, in October, 1898, "has not answered that question"—not, we may add, because it would not, but because it could not. Conceive the position. The doctrine of the Eucharist is that Christ, God made Man, has established in His Church a means by which He remains on earth in His human nature, is offered as a sacrifice of worship to the God-head, and enters, under the form of human food, into intimate communion with His creatures—a marvellous gift fraught with untold blessings, a means of worship of infinite value, an occurrence beyond parallel amongst human events. Yet a body, claiming to be the Church which Christ established, when asked whether this doctrine is true or false can only say—"I do not know!" Strangely enough, Anglicanism which cannot determine whether Christ is objectively present under the sacramental species (supposing valid consecration to have taken place) is quite certain that, if He is, His presence is not explicable by the theory known as transubstantiation. It is ignorant of what really happens but knows that if it happens it does not happen in one particular way. This is the only piece of certainty that emerges from a welter of doubt and contradiction.

It is this absence of authority to teach which marks off the Elizabethan Church from the Catholic Church which it supplanted—a lack of authority which has resulted in essential congregationalism. We have often pointed out¹ that "how much Jones will stand" is really what determines the teaching of Anglicanism, so far as it exists at all. The Bishop of Norwich (v. *The Times*, November 23, 1923) declared that "the ultimate decision [regarding the Church's doctrine] belongs to the public opinion of all devout Englishmen," and the process of "revising" the Prayer Book was regulated by the desire to make concessions to the various "schools of thought" in the Church. It is this which makes the claim to continuity with the pre-Reformation Catholic Church so grotesquely unhistorical, yet it is a claim which to-day the whole of Anglicanism seems bent on pressing. The original Elizabethan reformers aimed at reproducing what they thought to be the spirit and doctrines of the Primitive Church, but would have scouted the notion that they had any organic connection with an organization which in their eyes "had been drowned

¹ E.g. "The English Church radically Congregationalist": *THE MONTH*, July, 1925.

in damnable idolatry " for hundreds of years. Some of the Caroline divines, but principally the originators of the Oxford Movement, realized the historical untenability of the Protestant position, and tried to read Catholicism into the Elizabethan formularies, and, of course, the " Anglo-Catholics " of our day have followed their lead. But it is not doctrinal sympathy but self-preservation which inspires the other sections of Anglicanism to make the same claim. As soon as the Liberation Society, founded in 1844 for the freeing of religion from State control, began to press for disestablishment and disendowment on the plea that what the State had taken from the Catholic Church and given to the Protestant might rightly be reclaimed by the State, it became important to deny that there had been any transference of property from one body to another and to assert that the rights of the original body persisted in the later with which it was substantially identical. And when Catholicism became a growing force in the land, as it claims descent from the pre-Elizabethan Church, it was all the more imperative for Anglicanism to disguise the ill-gotten character of its possessions by reiterated assertions of continuity.

The celebrations of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Edwin by St. Paulinus, which were held at York this summer, and the consequent reassertion of the Anglican claim, has made the question of continuity more of a live subject than ever. From an attitude of denial of any organic connection with the " apostate " pre-Reformation Church of Rome in this kingdom, emphasized by a ruthless persecution of her adherents, the whole of Anglicanism now vehemently protests that there has been no vital severance from that old Church. We have stated the chief reason. But vehemence of protest cannot avail against the cold facts of history, honestly interpreted. Let us set down briefly, for the hundredth time, the main radical differences in doctrine, discipline and worship between the Church which Elizabeth rejected and persecuted, and that which she set up in its stead, first of all premising that, according to the decision of the highest court in the Kingdom the true ground of continuity between one religious body and another is identity of doctrine. Such was the unanimous verdict of the Lords' Appeal Court in 1905 when the " Wee Free " section of the Free Church of Scotland claimed the whole of the endowments and property of that Church, on the ground that it alone had preserved intact its original teaching. Said the Lord Chancellor, " the

identity of a religious community described as a Church must consist in the unity of doctrines." Accordingly, the other bodies, whose theology, after all, varied only slightly from that of the "Wee Frees," were declared legally dispossessed of the property in question, and it required a special Act of Parliament to determine, as a compromise, what measure of those possessions should be restored to them. Here, then, are some of the main religious differences between the Church of which Mary Tudor was a member and the "Church" which Elizabeth Tudor set up in its stead.

DOCTRINE

The "Old Religion"

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| Papal Supremacy. | <i>The Establishment</i> |
| Mass, a true Sacrifice, "for the quick and the dead." | The Supremacy of the Crown. |
| The Real Presence of Christ, persisting in consecrated elements. | Mass rejected as blasphemy: a service of commemoration instead. |
| A Sacrificing Priesthood, ordained and endowed by Christ. | Christ present "by faith" in the believer: not otherwise: hence no adoration of consecrated elements. |
| Seven Sacraments instituted by Christ. | Holy Orders not a true "Sacrament of the Gospel." |

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| Mary honoured as Mother of God. | Mary dishonoured by neglect. |
| The doctrine of purgatory. | "A fond thing, vainly invented." |
| The Bible, guaranteed and interpreted by the Church, part of her tradition. | The Bible, personally interpreted, (under guidance of the Holy Ghost) the sole and final rule of faith. |

DISCIPLINE

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| The Roman Canon Law fully recognized and obeyed. | "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of England." |
| Clerical celibacy strictly enforced. | "Bishops" and "Priests" allowed to marry. |
| The Religious State, a recognized part of Christian life. | The Religious State practically abolished. |
| Sunday Worship; Fasting on occasion; Reception of H.C. and Penance of obligation. | None of these obligatory under sin. |

WORSHIP

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| The Mass the central act of worship. | The Mass abolished: commemorative Service of "the Lord's Supper" substituted. |
| The Blessed Virgin and the Saints honoured and invoked. | The cultus of the Saints condemned as idolatry. |
| Service of God beyond our obligations possible. | Works of supererogation disallowed. |
| Prayers for the Dead: a "holy and wholesome thought." | Prayers for the Dead abolished as useless and superstitious. |

These are a few salient points of difference between the religion of the "Wee Frees,"—few, indeed, in number, yet free from bondage to the civil power,—who still professed the

Catholic faith in Elizabeth's reign, and that of the alien body which at the instance of the State, took possession of the "shell" of their Church and pretended to continue its canonical functions. Can we doubt that the High Court would definitely and emphatically reject the claim to identity between two such bodies, were its decision sought on the pure point of law? Already eminent jurists have decided on the main issue of that claim—Papal supremacy. Our readers are probably familiar with the witness of F. W. Maitland, who long held the Chair of English Law at Cambridge and who published in 1898 a book called "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England," which once for all drove out of court the theory that pre-Reformation England had a national Church in any way independent of Rome. What Maitland proved is thus described¹ by the present Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, Mr. H. W. C. Davis, himself an authority of the greatest weight:—"The author's object is to prove, that the English Canonists, from the thirteenth century onwards, regarded the Pope as the lawful superior of the English Church, *endowed with an unlimited jurisdiction both of appeal and of first instance, and with an unlimited legislative power.* In this object Professor Maitland has undoubtedly succeeded." And the Oxford Professor aims in his article at supplementing Maitland's thesis by arguments drawn from the practice of the Church in England at large, and even from the policy of the English Crown. He admits that "there is less evidence for the period before the Conquest, although even for this period evidence exists in greater abundance than is generally supposed," and his explanation of this fact is that "the ambitions of the Papacy, developed by degrees. From the sixth to the end of the tenth century, there was profound inertia at Rome." We need not pause to dispute or discuss this explanation. The Professor, who, all through his article, shows no sympathy with "Papal pretensions," gives all the more valuable testimony on that account, and he acknowledges that the Church founded by St. Gregory was, to all practical purposes, as submissive to the Pope before, as it showed itself after, the Conquest.

Let us quote another eminent expert, the present Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, because the fable of continuity will die hard, kept alive, as it is, by those interested in various ways in its survival. Professor W. S. Houldsworth, in his

* *Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1903: italics ours.

History of English Law, (Vol I. p. 591; 1922 edit.)⁴ explains how such an obvious falsehood is kept alive.

The preamble to this statute of Appeals (24 Hen. VIII. c. 21⁵) he writes, is remarkable because it manufactures history upon an unprecedented scale, but chiefly because it has operated from that day to this as a powerful incentive to its manufacture by others upon similar lips. . . . In order to create the illusion that the new Anglican Church was indeed the same institution as the mediæval Church, it was necessary to prove the historic continuity of these two very different institutions, and obviously this could only be done by an historical argument.

The historical argument was accordingly, in the preamble to the Act forbidding appeals to Rome, concocted to this effect that "by divers sundry old authentic Histories and Chronicles [unnamed] it is manifestly declared and expressed" that England, spiritual and temporal, was a self-contained Empire and could consequently admit no foreign jurisdiction even in matters spiritual. The Professor then shows that this "historical argument," having merely a statutory title, required further buttressing against opponents; hence :—

lawyers, theologians and ecclesiastical historians soon began from their different points of view to amplify and illustrate this historical argument in order to prove that it rested upon a solid basis of historical truth. Two great professions [the lawyers and the ecclesiastics] thus have had, and still have, a direct professional interest in maintaining this thesis . . . therefore, its truth is still believed and maintained by a long array of imposing names. It was not until a historian arose who, besides being the greatest historian of this century,⁶ was a consummate lawyer . . . that the historic worthlessness of Henry's theory was finally demonstrated.

These being the contributions of both Oxford and Cambridge to the exposure of the continuity theory, we can only say with Professor Davis,—“The only difficulty nowadays is to understand how they can ever have been doubted.” Yet

⁴ Quoted in *Universe*, Oct. 21, 1927, p. 14: italics ours.

⁵ The Statute was, of course, re-enacted under Elizabeth.

⁶ The nineteenth: Maitland died in 1906.

⁴ *Zeitschrift für Rechtsgeschichte*, 1913, p. 1. In his article in the *Church Quarterly*, above quoted, Professor Davis also explodes Henry's assertion that "this realm of England is an Empire."

the Anglican Bishop of Durham, who took occasion of Cardinal Bourne's Easter address at York, to publish two old sermons of his own preached in support of continuity, ignores the verdict of all these expert historians, in favour of his own amateur views. He thinks the Church of England merely "washed her face," rejecting not doctrines but abuses. He does not see how, by granting that "these changes transformed the system of national religion," (p. 16) that "the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope [was] finally abolished," (p. 16) that the old Church and the new "differed as to the Rule of Faith itself," (p. 17) he has given away his whole case. For Elizabeth's Church rejected, not merely the authority of the Pope but the very *principle of external authority*, and, therefore, was radically unlike Catholicism. He says that Catholics in England are not in continuity with the pre-Reformation Church as a whole but "with that dissentient fragment of it, the 'Die-Hards' of 1570, who obeyed the Pope's summons and went forth from the parish churches" (p. 17). It was a wiser and more candid Dr. Hensley Henson who, at a Church Congress in 1908, made the following honest admissions:—

It would hardly be an unfair statement of the case as between Anglicans and Roman Catholics of the present day to say that, in this controversy about continuity, the honours were divided. (!) The legal and constitutional continuity belonged to the Church of England. The continuity of doctrine, worship and discipline belonged to the Church of Rome. Thus the continuity of the reformed Church with the unreformed lay in those parts of its system which were least religious.¹

In other words, "cuckoo" continuity is all that Anglicanism can boast of, for the legal confirmation of its usurped possessions was wholly unjust and *ultra vires*, and therefore intrinsically void.

The Bishop's sneering reference to "the 'Die-Hards' of 1570" suggests one further reflection. Elizabeth's Church began in 1559, long before the Bull of Excommunication, and persecution of the Faith, not at first unto blood, was continuous from the beginning.² The lives of Catholics as they "left the parish churches" were made hard by fines, visitations, imprisonments, to say nothing of the spiritual grief of being deprived of the helps and consolations of religion. Those,

¹ Reported in *Manchester Guardian*, Oct. 9, 1908.

² See "Elizabeth's Early Persecution of Catholics," by L. Hicks, S.J. THE MONTH, April, May, 1926.

therefore, who ultimately "died hard" were prepared for that glorious confession by lives of hardship both spiritual and material. No one, we are convinced, could read Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" or the "Acts of the English Martyrs" compiled by Canon Burton and Fathers Pollen, S.J., and Camm, O.S.B., without seeing how radically indecent is the modern claim of continuity. Men do not sacrifice property and life out of mere bewilderment and misunderstanding. The Elizabethan Catholics knew well that they were suffering for resisting heresy and dying in defence of the true faith. The Elizabethan "Die-Hards" thus give the lie to the Bishop of Durham's historical glosses.

Bishop Gore and others are appealing to their fellow Anglicans to cease disputing about doctrinal mysteries and to put Christianity into practice. But knowledge must precede action, and, when the fundamentals of the faith are called in question, action is paralysed until doubts are settled. And there is no one to settle them, in a Church without authority. A Northern Vicar writes¹ with enthusiasm of "The new type of Catholic order" which Anglicanism has evolved, wherein "things can be done only by the free consent of the body as a whole." His Church plainly is a democracy. On the other hand, the Rev. R. H. L. Sheppard, that "impatient parson," calls upon the next Pan-Anglican Conference to adopt, amongst others, this resolution,—"That the Anglican Communion does not believe that a Christian Church has a right to insist upon intellectual tests for would-be disciples." A perfectly logical attitude for "Churches" such as Mr. Sheppard knows, for where is the sense of saying—"This is what you must believe in order to be saved, but I cannot be sure that it is correct."

God certainly "does not wish to save His people by logic alone," but the Saint who uttered those words would not have said that God wishes His people to seek truth in defiance of logic. For logic means thinking correctly as grammar means speaking intelligently, and no one can think correctly who imagines that a man can eat his cake and have it, can be a free-thinker yet accept with docility the revelation of God. We must pray that our Anglican brethren may not undervalue logic.

JOSEPH KEATING.

¹ *Times*, Nov. 18.

SOME NOTES ON FICTION

WE are all novel readers now-a-days. An enormous number of novels are offered us: so many that even the most voracious reader (fortunately, perhaps) cannot keep up with the entire output. Yet just as (according to more or less truthful fishermen) great schools of what-do-you-call-'em fishes are regularly accompanied by a small fringe of lesser fishes, so, beside the broad stream of novels, there trickle along a rather notable number of books about novels. One wonders who reads these books about novels: for some folks must read them, else the publishers would not continue to send them forth. Of course, two classes of unfortunates occur to one at once, as obliged to concern themselves with such books—teachers and pupils. But beyond these?

I remember a small boy in a reformatory where some "uplift" person gave an illustrated lecture on games. He sat through the lecture very glum. When he was asked in sweetly modulated tones how he liked it, he answered from the gloom of a small boy's heart, "We don't study games: we play 'em!" It is scarcely necessary to tell anyone that the prime factor in fiction-reading is delight. We take a story as a whole, as a delightful whole. We are carried along by it, with a sense of moving in a swift current of life. Whatever severe ulterior purpose we may have in reading fiction—to learn the uses of languages, to study human nature, or that dark, mysterious purpose, to elevate our minds—it must be secured through first delighting in the story. All this is mere truism. Yet is it possible that, in spite of this truism, many readers are not content with taking their fiction gratefully and unquestioningly, but insist also on taking it analytically. Have we still kept that part of the spirit of small boys, which wants to see "what makes the wheels go round?" It might seem so.

At any rate, books and essays about novels abound; some analytic, some only vaguely directive, a few sneeringly attacking all attempts at analysis; some by fiction-writers themselves, with a pet theory to expound; some by erudite professors and professional critics, delivering solemn dogmas.

It is a fine subject to write about. One always has the cheerful assurance that no one can say the "last word" on it. Definitions? You may define to your heart's content; and the next man who feels the urge to write about novels can prove most conclusively that your definitions are all wrong. He may even convince you that they are wrong. The joyous part of it is that his definitions will probably be wrong too.

Latterly, some of the writers who discuss fiction cannily refrain from definitions altogether, or at most venture upon such safe statements as Mr. Phelps', "A good novel is a good story well told"—which is as true, and just about as illuminating, as to say, "A good novel is a good novel."

In scientific matters definition is comparatively easy. In all the field of art, definition is practically impossible. The reason is not far to seek. Science deals with facts. Its instrument is the intellect—with, perhaps, a little help from the imagination. Art deals with personality, with the whole subtle, shifting world of thoughts, emotions, desires, whims, fancies, acts; and these considered under all the bewildering aspects in which they form part of life. Its instrument of expression is again the whole complex man. Intellect, feeling, instinct, will, habit, convention, enter into its production: indeed, we can scarcely ever reckon up all the elements that go to the making of a work of art. And, most baffling of all, this complex result of a complex process presents itself to our apprehension as a smiling simplicity, a unity without division or joint. No wonder we cannot define a novel, for a novel is a work of art.

To be sure, I am remembering that there is a school of novelists who write on the assumption that a novel is not a work of art, but a scientific production. They have their formula, they say, and write their books according to it. Zola has expounded the theory and the formula. Yet somehow the pigheaded world will have none of it. Its actual results in books have a considerable appeal, chiefly because of their lubricity, chiefly to immature readers hungry for sex-thrills, and to folk approaching middle-age who have been caught by *le démon du midi*. We may quietly leave this whole school and its adherents out of consideration. They are merely a recurring accident in history.

No, one cannot define, nor adequately analyse, the novel. Yet that is not to say that one cannot analyse it at all. "Half a loaf" has its worth even here. Besides, even attempts at

complete analysis, though doomed to failure, serve this good purpose: they emphasize the impossibility of complete analysis. Take, for instance, that ancient definition, "A novel is a mirror of life." Some of the realists still cling to it fondly. It contains their ideal and their justification. Of course, it is obviously untrue. A man's active life occupies, say, twenty, thirty years; I put it into a book which can be read in three or four hours. If that be mirroring, it is by a strangely converging mirror. A dozen lines of prose, and you have a panorama stretched before your imagination: another dozen, and a figure of flesh and blood stands before you; a paragraph gives you a wide sweep of battle: you sail from Liverpool to the South Pacific in the turning of a page. Read aloud a speech of one of Walter Scott's gentlemen or ladies (not his peasants!) and try to fancy any one speaking so in life. "Old Mortality" brings to you more than a score of distinct characters, covers eleven years of time, including the broad story of the Scotch Whig uprising under Charles II., narrates two battles, the siege of a castle, a multitude of incidents, dramatic, tragic, humorous—all in four hundred and fifty pages. We may all admit it is a novel: but by what distortion of language shall we call it a mirror of life?

An author might feel flattered if the old tag were applied to him, "He saw life truly, and he saw it whole." But he would surely be entitled to shudder if one said of him, "He saw life truly, and he wrote it whole." The complete "mirror" of the life of John Smith, from eight in the morning till midnight of one day, his thoughts, speeches, actions, desires, motives, aspirations, and temptations, might well make a book, alongside of which an unabridged dictionary would be a mere brochure.

Most certainly, selection forms an essential part in the writing of fiction. The story is not the reproduction in language of the life of some person or persons: nor even of part of that life. Fiction is based upon life, but does not copy it. A novel is not a window open upon life, but the report of what some one chooses to see through a window open upon life. The novelist observes, studies, imagines: then picks a handful of his observations and imaginations for his book, and throws the rest away. If he says he is merely copying life, not interpreting it by deliberate selection and rejection amongst its infinite complexities, he is talking nonsense. His purpose is in some way to give the reader an impression of life, not to set

life before him. And that impression will be, willy-nilly, what he wants it to be—supposing, of course, he have the mechanical skill to express himself.

Perhaps this fact may help us to make some coherent sense out of those much-abused terms in the books about fiction, romanticism and realism. This is foggy territory, made even thicker by the tendency on the part of many writers to exaggerate the differences between these two forms of fiction. Let us not fight about words. Terms, especially highly conventional terms, as romanticism and realism are, have a certain inevitable latitude of content: nor shall we ever come to a sharp limitation of their meaning save by a very common consent and agreement.

Undoubtedly, however, the terms embody real differences: but not differences in purpose. Romanticist and realist both wish to give their readers a conventional representation of human beings in action, according to the way each writer conceives of them. To say, as is often said, that "the romanticist portrays life as it ought to be, the realist as it is," is to miss the whole point of the matter. Neither has any such purpose. Both strive to portray life, not as it is, nor as it ought to be, but as they conceive of it. The difference between them is simply a difference of method. And the difference of method is practically this: both realist and romanticist are bound, by the nature of their art, to select the details of character and incident and setting which shall make up their novel; the romanticist frankly acknowledges that he is selecting these details, the realist tries to pretend that he is not.

The romanticist, who frequently enough has a touch of humour about him, says: "My plot is laid in the aristocratic West End, or in the Balkans, or the South Seas, or in Mediaeval Europe, and my heroine's name is Gwendolyn, and we shall have villains galore (though they shall be foiled villains), and blows in the dark, and a wild scream on the midnight air, and a perfectly heroic hero—because I choose to give you the impression of life which these elements convey." The realist, who is usually a tremendously earnest chap, and inclined to scowl at humour, of which, as a rule, he has little or none, tells us: "There are no heroes or heroines. My chief character shall kill his mother for the insurance, and most of his subsequent actions shall take place in the East End slums, and the woman shall have a couple of husbands and several

lovers, and you shall taste the dust of the roads they travel, and be splashed with mud by their passing steps, and know that it is thirteen and not fourteen steps up the woman's staircase—not because I choose to tell you these things, but because that's the way life is. I read it all in a newspaper. If you ask me anything more about it, I put my hand on my mouth. I am not an interpreter, I am a recorder."

Which is the better method? I don't know. Each has certain advantages, each has its own interest. Each, too, has its own shortcomings. The extreme of each may be very bad art indeed.

I like "Treasure Island"—I like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," too. One takes me out upon the blue seas, under the sweep of the Trades, thrills me with swinging adventure: that's very interesting. The other takes me up close to a few individuals, gives me a wealth of detail about a few of their thoughts and desires and actions: that's very interesting too. They both interpret life. I may smile at the realist's disclaimer: and still delight in his interpretation.

The romanticist interprets with wide gestures, voluble speech, a breezy manner. He likes big canvasses, he likes the out-of-doors. He sweeps his hands across the years, he whisks me about into strange places, he shows me broad action, he moves swiftly. He puts his colour on blithely. I like that. The realist takes me into a little corner, and his manner is quiet and reserved. With scarce a word, he points to this and that and the other detail. We examine them thoroughly, painstakingly. We do not move about much. We pore, we brood, we use a microscope. We keep fairly to the outside of things, but he gives me data by which, if I have the equipment and the desire, I may get to the inside of things. I like that too.

I should not be human if I had not my preferences. My temperament, my training, my own view of life, the influence of my time and surroundings, will make me like one method more than the other. Very well. But please let me keep from forcing my preference upon others; above all, please let me keep from dogmatizing upon my preferences as principles of art. Yet this is difficult to do: I shall have to make a very conscious effort. There is no other field of criticism so filled with violently partisan judgments.

What I have said a moment ago is important: that the extreme of either method in fiction is likely to be bad art. Even if I prefer romantic fiction to realistic, I must confess

that Laura Jean Libbey is at least as silly as Zola. I am irritated by an hysterical report, so ultra-personal as to give me, not any impression or interpretation of life, but only the sentimental maunderings of its author. I am also irritated, and unspeakably bored, by a fatly exaggerated pose of the impersonal, of the scientific record, of cold-blooded completeness in the mere transcription of life. I don't want the author to take up the whole picture—neither do I want him to pretend that he isn't painting at all. Least of all can I tolerate that he should use filth instead of paint on the canvas, and then plead that he had nothing to do with it : he merely dug it out of the cesspool and slapped it on.

This last brings us to another idea. In the common mind, one may safely say, realism and lubricity are almost inseparably linked. That is a pity. There is nothing in the essential method of realism that should gain it this unsavoury opinion. Because a writer tries to keep his own personality concealed in his writing, because he tries to make his wilful selections detailed and as life-like as possible within the necessary limitations of the art of fiction, is no reason why he should be bound to include in his selection grossly unwholesome and criminal elements, or have his details violate the decent reticences of life.

There is no denying, at the same time, that there are more realists than romanticists amongst the foul writers. We naturally wonder why. One simple reason is just that certain foulminded men and women have chosen the realistic method as more easily lending itself to their pornographic purpose. Another reason may well be the pernicious and impudent assumption of realists that the novel actually can "mirror" life, and their consequent insistence that the sewers of life must be "mirrored" too. A possible third reason is that realistic fiction, unless supremely well done, is apt to be flat and dull, to lack movement, fire, imagination, to have too much of the smell of the laboratory about it : to be, in a word, more of a study than a delight. Your middling romanticist may be entertaining in a small way, as even "Ouida" is ; your middling realist is a dreadful bore. Hence the middling realist is tempted to add salacious details, like strong spices to poor foods, in the hope of giving savour and arousing interest.

One must note, too, how many stories there are which can hardly be pigeonholed at all as either romantic or realistic.

What is "The Cloister and the Hearth"? Which method, shall we say, has been followed in "The Master of Ballantrae"?, in "Vanity Fair"? Of course, there are plenty of critics who unhesitatingly class them under one or other form. But is it to be done so readily?

Certainly the two methods are capable of being blended. One may use the more excellent part of each in the same bit of fiction: conceive a story in the true spirit of definite interpretation of life, with one's principles above-board, then write it with as minute fidelity to details as the nature of fiction tolerates. Is "Robinson Crusoe" itself the result of such a combination? or even "Treasure Island"?

Perhaps The Great Novel, that readers and critics are forever looking forward to, the supreme and perfect impression of life, will be the complete synthesis of the romantic and realistic. Its writer will have to know human life thoroughly—the heart of it as well as the surface—will have to share in the vision of men which God has; and he will write with infinite sure touch, with clear certainty of interpretation, and with a convincing fullness and accuracy of detail, given in no cold scientific spirit, but shot through with the warmth and light of perfect sympathy. If we live to read that Great Novel, may we read it gratefully, with whole-hearted delight: and forget, for the moment at least, that ever we have read any books about novels.

W. T. KANE.

ANOTHER POWDER-PLOT “FORGERY”?

THOMAS WINTER'S CONFESSION.

IN the view of the late editor of *THE MONTH* by far the most important document connected with the Gunpowder Treason was the “Confession” of Thomas Winter, dated Nov. 25th (or 23rd), 1605. Although Father Gerard does not discuss the point in much detail in his book, “What Was The Gunpowder Plot?”, still he clearly insinuates something more than a suspicion as to the genuineness of Winter’s detailed narrative.¹ Dr. S. R. Gardiner accordingly, when replying to Father Gerard’s attack, devoted considerable space to this particular piece of evidence, printing the text in full, as “the only way,” he says, “in which I can convey to my readers the sense of spontaneity which pervades it from beginning to end.”² Father Gerard, for his part, seems to have fully realized that the traditional story of the plot must be held to stand or fall by the authenticity of Winter’s declaration. He was led, therefore, to have photographs taken of the whole ten folio pages of what purports to be Winter’s autograph manuscript at Hatfield, together with other photographs of the only known surviving specimens of Winter’s handwriting. With these before him he published, some months after the appearance of Dr. Gardiner’s reply, first, a brochure entitled “The Gunpowder Plot and the Gunpowder Plotters,” and secondly, a thin folio bearing the heading “Thomas Winter’s Confession and the Gunpowder Plot.” The folio form of this last was due to the fact that it contained a facsimile reproduction of the Hatfield document in the size of the original. It was accompanied by some pages of letter-press in which Father Gerard again urged his objections against the authenticity of the confession. It is evident that he attached supreme importance to the point, for in the earlier brochure, “The Gunpowder Plot and the Gunpowder Plotters,” he speaks as follows :

More even than the companion deposition of Fawkes, this of Winter is the backbone of the entire traditional story. It gives a complete and intelligible account of the whole course of the conspiracy from its first conception to its

¹ “What was the Gunpowder Plot?” (1897), pp. 167–169.

² “What Gunpowder Plot was,” pp. 54–71. By some oversight the title of Dr. Gardiner’s volume was misprinted in my last month’s article, p. 386, note 2.

final collapse when the plotters attempted to make a last stand at Holbeche House. It furnishes much information that is not to be found anywhere else, and very much which is to be found nowhere else except in the published narrative of Fawkes; and upon it, as on a trunk or stem, the details supplied by other documents may be grafted. If this narrative be Winter's genuine work, it must undoubtedly be admitted that everything happened as we have been accustomed to believe—that the conspirators devised their scheme, and swore one another to execute it, and dug their mine, and stored their powder, and made effective arrangements for the final catastrophe, exactly as historians tell us; and although it would still remain uncertain how far the Government were aware of their doings, the establishment of so much as true, which I have argued to be false, must unquestionably shake to its foundations the whole structure I have attempted to raise.¹

In revising recently for publication a pamphlet on the Gunpowder Plot, formerly issued by the Catholic Truth Society, I have been led to examine rather carefully the document here in question. The task has been made easy by the fact that I have had before me not only Father Gerard's printed facsimile, but also the photographs themselves from which that facsimile was reproduced. I have also consulted Levinus Munck's copy in the Gunpowder Plot Book and the originals of Winter's letters at the Record Office. Concerning the Hatfield document it is to be noticed that it bears at the end an endorsement written and signed by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, to the following effect: "delivered by Thomas Wynter, all written with his owne hand, 25 nov. 1605; Edw. Coke." This is strong testimony, more especially when we notice, on comparing the document with Winter's unquestionably authentic letters, that the handwriting is identical in the minutest details. The question at once suggests itself—what possible purpose could a forgery so perfectly executed and on such a large scale (it contains over 4,000 words) have been designed to serve? To whom was it to be shown? Who was it that required to be convinced by the evidence of the conspirator's own handwriting? We know that the confession was shown to the King; but what was submitted to him was not Winter's much corrected and interlined original but

¹ "The Gunpowder Plot and the Gunpowder Plotters," London, Harper and Brothers, p. 12.

Levinus Munck's copy, in which, of course, only the corrected text was reproduced. The fact is certain, because this copy of Munck's still preserves one or two marginal annotations in the King's own hand. It is, indeed, the presence of numberless erasures, with substitutions, and interlineations in the same handwriting as the text of the document, which constitutes, to my thinking, perhaps the very strongest argument for its authenticity. It is part of Father Gerard's case that "the writer who penned the Hatfield document had a draft before him to copy, for he makes mistakes natural for a copyist which could not be made by one expressing his own ideas."¹ But surely this suggestion is fatally damaging to our former editor's own contention. How could a skilful copyist who had a draft before him produce a document containing such a multitude of false starts, corrected phrases and details left out which had to be introduced afterwards in the margin? Of course, it might be argued that this realistic pretence of a much corrected original is only proof of the cunning and subtlety of those who devised the forgery. But once again the question recurs—upon whom did the Government design to impose by this elaborate counterfeit? The Hatfield document was certainly never shown to the friends of the conspirators or to the priests who were familiar with Winter's handwriting. Nevertheless it is plain from the long narratives of Fathers Gerard (the elder), Greenway, Eudæmon Joannes and others of the Catholic clergy that they entertained no doubt as to its genuineness or the general correctness of the official story (i.e., of the substance of Winter's confession) so far at least as concerns the doings of the lay conspirators.

To print the whole document would occupy much space and can hardly be necessary, but I copy here a paragraph or two, enclosing in round brackets the words deleted and in square brackets the insertions subsequently made.

I remayned in the country with my brother from al-hollantide² untill the beginning of lent, [in the year of our lord 1603 the first of the King's raine] abought which time Mr. Catsby sent thether (some-) entreating [me] to come (up) to london wher he and other my frinds would be glad (of my company) to see me. I desired him to (be excused) excuse me for I found (nott)

¹ "Thomas Winter's Confession and the Gunpowder Plot," London, Harper, 1898, p. 12.

² Allhallowtide, *i.e.*, the octave of All Saints. This curious variant spelling "alhollantide" is recognized by the O.E.D., and a reference is there given to Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler."

myself nott very well disposed; and—which had never hapned to me before—returned the messenger without my company. Shortly I receaved a (seconde) nother letter in any wise to come; att which seconde sommone I presently came up and found him with Mr. Jhon [Wright] att Lambeth; wher he brak with me howe necessary it was nott to forsake our country—for he knew I had [then] a resolution to goe over—but to deliver her (out of) from the servitud in which she remained or att least to assist her with our uttermost endeavours. I answered that I had often hazarded my liffe upon far lighter tearmes, (as) and now would nott refuse any good occasion wherin I might doe (any) service to the Catholick (religion) cause, butt for my self I knew no mean probable to succeed; (at) he (answered) sayd that he had (found a mean to) bethought him of a way att one instant to deliver us from all our bounds, and without any furaine help to replant againe the Cath. religion, and withall tould me [in a word] it was to blow up the parliament howse with Gunpowder, for, sayd he, in that place have they donne us all the mischerf, and perchaunch God hath desined that place for their punishment.

Although this specimen is not entirely satisfactory, still it will serve to give an idea of the corrections and interlineations which abound in the manuscript, especially in the earlier portion. It will be remembered that all the words printed here in round brackets were subsequently struck out by the writer. I have not reproduced the opening sentences of the document, which are particularly formal and obviously rounded off with a certain effort after literary effect. On the other hand the narrative as it progresses becomes much more simple and there are fewer corrections. To Father Gerard the rather stilted tone of the writer at the beginning betrays the hand of one who is concocting a document destined for publication in the Government interest. He observes, for example:—

The style, moreover, is as remarkable as the hand-writing, being that of a fluent and practised writer, rolling out his periods with a facility of which in his best days Winter has left no proof.¹

And again—

It was certainly a singular coincidence that Winter should be moved, at this precise moment, to compose a

¹ "Gunpowder Plot and Gunpowder Plotters," p. 22.

flowing narrative, utterly unlike the ordinary run of depositions, but eminently suited for publication, corroborating Fawkes in particulars which neither of them, nor any of their followers, thought of mentioning on any other occasion.¹

I am afraid that I should have to deny that there is anything so exceptional in either the matter or the manner of Winter's statement. As regards its matter Father Greenway, who distinctly claims to have obtained information from those who had conversed with the conspirators themselves, at a time when all reserves were at an end owing to the discovery of the Plot, corroborates the details given and even amplifies them in many particulars. As regards the manner also it seems to me very natural that a scholarly man, such as we know Winter to have been, if a statement had to be drawn up, should have regard to literary form, especially at the beginning of his task. Why should we assume that he had no gift for composition? We cannot know what he was capable of "in his best days" because we have no materials on which to form a judgment save five familiar letters, or rather notes, which (apart from this "Confession") are the only specimens of his composition preserved to us. The longest of these might have been written without much difficulty on a post-card. None the less even here we find traces of just that fastidious shrinking from the awkward repetition of a word which we detect in the "Confession." To illustrate the fact let me quote the first few sentences of the earliest of these letters written to his brother-in-law, John Grant on Dec. 4, 1603. Here again, as before, I enclose in round brackets the words which the writer deleted.

Though I have bin at the fountaine of news, yett can
I learne littell to pourpose, only a supply is expected by
the Spaniards; some forty were taken in a littell castell,
which was surprised by our I. Deputy; (then) they
confess that the rest are In some distres; having no
store of victualls nor almost wood at all, and littell (great
ordinanc) atillery. Count Mauris is rissen from Sitem-
gambes, some report with losse of 1500 men, and most of
his great ordinanc, others say he was raysed only by
frost and hard weather, so (this) 'tis uncertaine whether
is tru.²

It will be noticed here that Winter had first written that

¹ *Ib.* p. 16.

² State Papers, Domestic, James I., Vol. V., no. 6.

the Spaniards had almost no wood at all "and littell great ordinanc," but it is plain that on re-reading his letter he perceived that he had used the phrase "great ordinanc" a second time a few lines further down. Accordingly he strikes out the words where they first occur and substitutes "atilery." This seems to me the procedure of a man who had a distinct feeling for what would jar in the literary form of what he wrote.

But now looking back to the extract printed above from Winter's "Confession" we find several examples of precisely the same sensitiveness. He had at first penned a sentence "for my self I knew no mean probable to succeed; he sayd that he had found a mean att one instant to deliver us."

Reading this again the writer has noticed the unpleasant repetition of "mean," so he substitutes in the second case "bethought him of a way to." Similarly in the same passage we find the phrase "the Catholick religion" recurring twice within a few lines, but Winter deletes the first "religion" and sets down "cause" in its place. Again, when he detected that he had written "glad of my company" though the word "company" occurred a second time a little further on, he makes another correction and instead of "glad of my company" he interlines "glad to see me." It is very difficult to believe that a forger, copying, as Father Gerard supposes, a draft already prepared, would go through this elaborate process merely as a camouflage.

Moreover, even from the slender remnants of Winter's correspondence we should judge him to be a man of a certain literary culture. Such a phrase as "though I have been at the fountain of news" would hardly occur to a simple country gentleman absorbed in his matter-of-fact surroundings. Neither would a dull man, writing to his brother-in-law and fellow conspirator, be likely to couch an urgent invitation in such terms as these. I quote the whole letter.

If I may with my sister's good leave, lett me entreat you, Brother, to come over Saterday next to us at Chastelton. I can assur you of kind welcome, and your (acc.) acquaintanc with my cosin Catsby will nothing repent you. I could wish Doll heare, but our liffe is monasticall, without women. Commend me to your mother. And so A Dio,

Di V. S. Osserino.

Tho. Wintour.

Bring with you my Ragion. di Statto.

The writer who so expresses himself is just the sort of man whom I should expect, if he were called upon for a written statement, "to compose a flowing narrative eminently suited for publication."

But there is another striking feature in the "Confession" to which I think, no one has ever drawn attention and which seems to me, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary, to determine the question of authorship almost conclusively. Elizabethan spelling, as all students of the period know, was extremely irregular. Everybody spelt as he liked, and in the manuscripts of the period more particularly, we often meet, even among men of good education, the most extravagant divergences of usage. Any one who may examine at all closely the manuscript play called "Sir Thomas More,"¹ which is believed by many high authorities to contain three folio pages in the handwriting of Shakespeare himself, will need no further evidence to prove the absolute lawlessness of English spelling at that period. Still we must recognize in individual writers a tendency to exhibit and to adhere to certain peculiarities. Whoever may have been the writer of the Hatfield document which professes to be Winter's autograph, we shall not exaggerate in saying, first, that his spelling, even as judged by the loose standard of the period, was somewhat unusual, and secondly, that he was rather exceptionally consistent in keeping to the same unusual forms. The first of these points will come home to anyone who compares the text of the Hatfield manuscript with Levinus Munck's copy of it. Munck, in transcribing the confession, has not thought himself called upon to preserve the spelling of the original and, in almost all cases, he departs from the text before him to adopt, or approximate to, our modern usage. Let me give an illustration from the class of words ending in *ance* or *ence*. In almost every instance Munck uses the spelling which is now universal, whereas the Hatfield document invariably omits the final *e*. I have counted in all about twenty such cases; we have *absenc*, *acquaintanc*, *conscienc*, *furtheranc*, *conferenc*, *circumstanc*, *Princ* (Prince), *Franc* (France), *thenc* (thence), several of these words being repeated more than once. Now in Winter's five short letters we may observe the same peculiarity. In no instance is a final *e* added in such cases, but we find *ordinanc* (twice), *acquaintanc*, *thenc*, and *duranc*. If this stood alone,

¹ The play has been published in photographic facsimile, and also more than once in editions which accurately reproduce the spelling of the text. See also in the book "Shakespeare's Hand in Sir Thomas More" the chapter on spellings by Dr. J. Dover Wilson.

it would be unsafe to attach any great importance to such similarity of practice, but when we examine further we find that there is hardly a single unusual spelling in the letters which does not find its counterpart in the Confession. For instance, in the letter which has been reproduced above entire, we have the rather surprising form *liffe*. The word occurs only twice in the Confession but on both occasions it is spelt as in the letter. In another letter we have *lickly* (likely). This precise word meets us nowhere in the Confession, but on the other hand on p. 6 of that document we find "wee knew not whether they would aprove the project or dislick hitt," and on p. 3 "such or the lick talk wee passed att Graveling." There is also at least one other case of "lick" in the same sense, and in the final sentence of his narrative Winter tells us that he was "hurt in the belly with a pick" (pike). Of course, these coincidences would be of little value if we found that sometimes "lick" was written and sometimes "like," but in the case of this and several other such peculiarities there are no indications of any variation of practice. For example, the word *busines* which meets us once in the letters occurs at least a dozen times in the Confession and always in the same form. So *frinds* (friends) which is found once in the letters is also *frinds* wherever it occurs in the Confession; and the same is the case with the spellings *bin* (for been), *mony*, *littell*, *messag*, *voyag*, *tru*, *Ingland*, etc. The word February occurs once in the letters and once in the Confession and in both cases it appears rather surprisingly as "Feburary." Similarly we have in both an example of "Tewsday" and "Saterday." There are other coincidences also which seem to me to point strongly to the identity of the writer of the Confession with the writer of the letters. For instance, in the letter reproduced above Winter in one place writes the preposition *in* with a capital I, though it occurs in the middle of a sentence. Curiously enough there is a singleton example of the same momentary aberration on p. 5 of the Confession. Again the tendency to double the final consonant of such words as *not*, *let*, *but*, *at*, *yet*, etc., though there is no uniformity in this, is very strongly marked in the Confession as well as in the letters. One may note also the not very common practice of making reference to the law terms in order to indicate a date. For example, one of the letters has a postscript: "London, this 22th of Feburary; my ld. Mounteagle will receave your brother betwixt this and Easter tearme at what time he goeth into lankeshire." In the Confession, Winter, to indicate the

date of his return to England, says : " this was in the beginning of Easter tearm and abought the middell of the same tearm, whether sent for by Mr. Catsby or uppon busines of his owne, up came Mr. Thomas Percy." Similarly Winter says that when the conspirators heard of the prorogation of Parliament " we all departed severall wayes into the country to meet againe at the beginning of the Michelmas tearme," and further, " some fortnight after toward the beginning of the tearme," etc.

There is also another detail, to which, if I mistake not, attention has never been called. Thomas Winter, however criminal his action may have been in the matter of the plot, was by nature a very devout man and his religion meant much to him. Like many other pious Catholics of that day, it was his practice to make a cross at the head of the paper upon which he was writing. Probably he did not always remember to do so in letters hurriedly penned, or he may sometimes have refrained for fear that the sacred symbol might be interpreted as a confession of popery by strangers whose attention he wished to avoid. Be this as it may, a cross so marked appears quite clearly in one of his letters to his brother-in-law and I think it may also be recognized in the very short letter of his which was written in prison. In the case of the Confession, however, there can be no possible doubt. A cross is marked at the head of the document, though its presence is not at once perceived because Sir Edw. Coke's endorsement, " The voluntarie declaration, etc." is written over it ; but on the fifth page and also on the seventh the cross made at the top of the paper is very conspicuous. If it be suggested that this also is the work of a very artful forger, one can only reply that the forger in question must have been astonishingly thorough in his methods.

Upon the arguments skilfully urged by Dr. S. R. Gardiner in favour of the genuineness of Winter's Confession, I have hardly touched at all, but that is by no means because I fail to appreciate their force. How can we believe that if the Government fabricated the whole story and supplied a draft of what the forger was to copy, they would have omitted in that draft the very points upon which they were most anxious to insist. And, what is almost more astonishing still, after the whole document had been completed and sundry additional clauses had (in answer to definite requests for further information endorsed on the back), been supplied in the margin by the same hand, how was it necessary for Sir Edw. Coke in his own

unmistakable penmanship, to introduce an interlineation, declaring that Father Gerard had given the conspirators Holy Communion upon the oath which they had taken? Why was not the same forger available to interpolate this statement also in the same script as the rest of the document? And why, when the Government so clearly desired to shield Lord Mounteagle, and in consequence instructed Levinus Munck to omit in his copy a certain passage which spoke of Mounteagle's having gone to Richmond to ascertain whether the young Prince of Wales would attend Parliament or no; why, I say, was all this allowed to be introduced and to stand uncorrected in the counterfeit confession, concocted with such incredible pains to reproduce exactly Thomas Winter's handwriting and spelling?

It has not seemed worth while here to attempt to reply at length to the arguments which Father Gerard has advanced in favour of his forgery contention. The main point upon which he insists is the fact that the conspirator signs the Confession Thomas Winter, whereas in the four letters to which his signature is appended in full he writes his name Wintour. It seems to me sufficient to reply that it is equally difficult to understand how a forger who had shown such preternatural acumen in reproducing writing and spelling would have blundered over such an elementary point as the signature. Moreover, there is no question that at the beginning of the 17th century the importance we now attach, largely owing to the use of cheques, to the uniform writing of the signature was not regarded. We possess six undoubtedly authentic signatures of Shakespeare and no two of them are written or even spelt in quite the same way. I may notice also that the one seemingly striking proof which Father Gerard offers of his contention that the forger was copying a draft already prepared, comes to grief upon closer examination. He tells us:

Thus on the 7th page, speaking of Fawkes' mission to Flanders to disclose the plot to Stanley and Owen, he (the forger) says: "We agreed that he should, provided that he gave hitt them with the same oath that we had taken it before," but at first, instead of "oath" he wrote "reasons," which again makes no possible sense. In the following line, however, we find "reason" in its proper place.¹

Father Gerard's argument, of course, is that one who is

¹ "Thomas Winter's Confession," p. 12.

merely copying a document will often skip a line because his eye has been caught by a word lower down, and that he has consequently to correct it when he finds out his mistake. Unfortunately the word which Fr. Gerard reads "reasons" is really "tearmes" which fits into the context perfectly well, though Winter, for some cause or other, changed his mind after writing it.

It must be acknowledged then, I submit, that on a careful review of the evidence, the contention that Thomas Winter's alleged Confession is a forgery cannot be sustained. But "if the Confession is really what it professes to be," then, in Father Gerard's own words, "there can be no doubt that, so far at least as its most characteristic features are concerned, this familiar tale of the plot must be accepted as authentic."

HERBERT THURSTON.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was in type I have found that another of Winter's letters, overlooked by Father Gerard, is preserved among the Cotton Manuscripts (Titus B 11). It was transcribed by Mr. Bruce in 1840 for the Society of Antiquaries (see "Archæologia," Vol. XXVIII. p. 420). The letter (fol. 290) runs as follows :—

To my loving frind Mr. Ro. Catsby.

Though all you malefactors flock to London as birdes in winter to a dunghill, yett doe I, honest man ! freely possess the seet wintry ayre, and, to say truth, would fayne be amonge you, but cannott, as yett, gett mony to come up. I was at Asbye to have mett you, butt you were newly goune ; my busines, and your uncertaine stay, made me hunt no further. I pray you, commend me to our frinds. And, whan occasion shall require, send downe to my brother's, or Mr. Talbott's ; within this month I wil be with you at London. So God keep you : this 12th of October. Your loving frind, Tho. Wintour.

The reader will not fail to notice how this document again reproduces the characteristic spellings of the "Confession." We have "mony," "frind" (three times), "busines," the frequent doubling of the final consonant in such words as "yett," "gett," "butt" and the proper name "Catsby" (it is so spelt always both in Winter's other letters and in the "Confession"). "Ocation," with one "c," I had not previously noticed, but on turning to the "Confession" I find that it occurs twice and on both occasions in just that form.

H.T.

A CRITIC AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS¹

THE kind of book exemplified by "Time and Western Man" is very rare in English literature. There are many English artists and there is an ever growing mass of critics, but artistic power and criticism seldom meet in the same person. Again, the critic would not usually call himself a philosopher; he may know something of Aristotle's Poetics, or Kant, or Croce, but he leaves severely alone the grey, head-breaking volumes which the professional philosopher loves to produce. Now the unique quality of this book by Wyndham Lewis is that it is by an artist, a critic and a philosopher. As an artist he has been well known as one of the leaders of some of the strangest and most original movements in England, and he comes as a critic to his task with the closest acquaintance with the intentions and habits of almost all the leading contemporary artists. At a definite moment, Mr. Lewis, after throwing himself heart and soul into certain of those movements, stood stock still and began to question their value. With the same enthusiasm as before, he has now turned upon what he once admired, and, as a result, we have had in "The Enemy" and now in this book a strong, sometimes violent, and first-hand criticism of those movements by one who has exceptional qualifications as a judge.

But, more than that, Mr. Lewis, once turned critic of his own folk, was determined to be a thorough critic. He felt that the movements which he had deserted belonged to a much bigger movement. So he turned to the philosophers and found that his anticipation was right. "Point for point what I had observed on the literary, social and artistic plane was reproduced upon the philosophic and theoretic. It resolved itself in both instances into a cult of Time." To prove that there was not a superficial resemblance he read and studied almost every philosophical work he could lay his hands on. Every reader of this book must, I think, be greatly impressed by the width of his reading—books on Plato and Aristotle and Greek thought, on St. Thomas—then, Berkeley and perhaps Kant, Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann, Bergson, Bradley, James, Bosanquet, B. Russell, Alexander, Whitehead at first hand, and studies, at least, on Hume, Croce, Spengler, Einstein. The result is a unique production, which has been deservedly praised from all sides. No book which

¹ "Time and Western Man," by P. Wyndham Lewis. Pp. 481. London: Chatto and Windus. 1927.

I know of combines in one such sheer philosophic thinking, such an artistic apperception and acquaintance with living movements. If we wish to know what is the present state of modern Europe and America outside Catholicism, their tendencies and ideals, then there is no better book to recommend than "Time and Western Man."

The secret of the present age, which Mr. Lewis has discovered, is, as we have said, "the cult of time." It is not easy to explain this shortly. Five hundred pages have barely sufficed Mr. Lewis, despite most strenuous efforts to be concise. At the beginning he gives this clue, "With as much definiteness . . . whatever, I, for my part, say, can be traced back to an organ; . . . in my case it is the eye. It is in the service of the things of vision that my ideas are mobilized." Now, if we were to take that text of the Gospel about the eye being single or simple and work out from that principle all its counterfeits, mistakes, false replicas and perversions we should have something like what this book detects and denounces. Simplicity—meaning what is straight, direct, a product of vision—is the sign of health, material and spiritual, and it is strong, spacious, pure and creative. Substitute simplification, the over-interested desire just to be simple, to be simple too consciously and we have the sign of disease. This is the "Time-cult" of Mr. Lewis; he sees men never living sincerely, but in love with "isms"; simplicity is understood as singularity. We have the snob, the *dernier cri*, the false primitive, the choice of the sensational in place of the perennial truth of the intellect. Everything has to be revolutionary, all the weaknesses of men have to be praised and encouraged. Nobody inquires what the revolution is about as long as it is a revolution, nobody asks what is evolving or what is progressing or whither; the individual is hoodwinked by chatter about individualism and a nation by cloudy stuff about nationalism. Everywhere, therefore, there is syncopated music, noise and confusion; moving stairways and a helter-skelter, now to primitivism, now to futurism, from Russian ballets to Oxford trousers and berets, from fox-trots to Morris-dances.

I had intended to quote many passages to bring out this thesis, which may sound extravagant at first hearing. But the second part of the book claims attention, for it consists of a very long and thorough investigation of the views of the philosophers. It will surprise many to find what corroboration Mr. Lewis finds for this worship of time amongst them, and, what is more, their doctrines do rob the person Peter to

pay the world Paul, and all that is left in modern philosophic thought is a very attenuated conception of truth or personality in nature. A very interesting quotation is made from the late Professor Bosanquet to the effect that the modern " Italian neo-idealists, who follow Croce and Gentile, and the English and American neo-realists, who are represented, say, by Professor Alexander and the Six," all agree in one principle. " In both alike . . . we have the actual and ultimate reality of Time, progress to infinity, as the fundamental character of the real." Mr. Lewis backs this up by pointing to the Relativity of Einstein, the *élan vital* of Bergson, the space-time of Alexander, the mania for finding evolution everywhere and the dead insistent rhythm of such materialists as Professor Watson and B. Russell.

The pages which deal with these philosophers and a *bête-noire*, such as Spengler, are trenchant. At times a critic would be bound to say that Mr. Lewis sees the mark of the beast everywhere, even in the most innocent places, and one might quarrel again and again with his interpretation. This, for instance, is what he says apropos of Professor Whitehead, the modern idol :—

Dispersal and transformation of a space-phenomenon into a time-phenomenon throughout everything—that is the trick of this doctrine. Pattern, with its temporal multiplicity, and its *chronologic* depth, is to be substituted for the *thing*, with its one time, and its *spatial* depth. A crowd of hurrying shapes, a temporal collectivity, is to be put in the place of the single object of what it hostilely indicates as the " spatializing " mind. The new dimension introduced is the variable mental dimension of time. So the notion of the transformed " object " offered us by this doctrine is plainly in the nature of a " futurist " picture, like a running dog with a hundred legs and a dozen backs and heads. In place of the characteristic static " form " of Greek Philosophy, you have a series, a group, or as Professor Whitehead says, a *reiteration*. In place of a " form," you have a formation,—as it is characteristically called,—a repetition of a particular shape; you have a battalion of forms in place of one form. In your turn, " you " become the series of your temporal repetitions; you are no longer a centralized self, but a spun-out, strung-along series, a pattern-of-a-self, depending like a musical composition upon time; . . .

Whatever the admirers of Whitehead may think of this version of him, no one can deny that it is a vigorous statement

of much that is being believed and taught in modern philosophy.

What then has Mr. Lewis to put in its place? He has still to tell us, for this volume is reserved for criticism, and positive views are to come soon in another book. But he has told us some things. One is that in his outlook he finds the Catholic thought to be far more healthy and congenial. In a paragraph which must be quoted he thus sums up his attitude :—

In this eternal manufacturing of a God,—which is really the God of Comte, “ Humanity ”—you co-operate, but in such a negligible way that you would be a great fool indeed to take much notice of that privilege. Looked at from the simplest human level, as a semi-religious faith, the Time-cult seems far less effective, when properly understood, than those cults, which posit a Perfection already existing, eternally there, of which we are humble shadows. It would be a very irrational conceit which, if it were given the choice, would decide for the “emergent” Time-God, it seems to me, in place, for instance, of the God of the Roman faith. With the latter you have an achieved co-existent supremacy of perfection, impending over all your life, not part of you in any imperfect physical sense, and touching you at moments with its inspiration. With the other you have a kind of Nothing, which it is your task, perspiring and mechanical,—weaver of the wind that you are, architect of nothingness—to bolster up and somehow assist into life and time, in a region just out of your reach. But the moment that eventually your strenuous creation, the embryo-god, was brought out into the daylight, it would no longer be anything more than a somewhat less idiotic *you*. Could you penetrate that distant future where what is God to you (as you are god to your dog) is to exist, you would behold the same world, but one storey up, still perspiring, fighting and fuming to give actuality to the existence of the next storey-up. A more stultifying, as well as foolish and misbegotten, advertisement of divinity could scarcely have been found to stimulate the tired business man or the unhappy person born to the dullest mechanical labour, sorely in need of comfort.

I had intended to end with some criticisms, philosophical and otherwise, but the passage just quoted leaves me without the wish. It is true that Mr. Lewis is obviously uncomfortable in finding himself in Catholic company. In other places he is careful to tell his readers not to think agreement in philo-

sophical outlook means sympathy with the Catholic faith. Once or twice he refers disparagingly to religion and Christianity in a way which, I am sure, is quite unworthy of him and his best thought. In general there is a curious unsteadiness when he touches them as compared with his sure and four-square attitude to so much else. A past mood, a remnant of the time-cult, seems to linger and makes his argument like that of another man. It is certainly not the Mr. Lewis who slays Spengler and Alexander, who argues that the God described by a Bach, or on the Sistine ceiling, or in the Judgment of Signorelli at Orvieto is "the highest we could imagine; that God would be so perfect in power and beauty that, however much people may assert they find it possible to experience a greater God (to whom all human experience would be relatively imperfect) or analogically to posit one, we are entirely justified in not believing them." After all, quite apart from the philosophy of this, Michael Angelo and Signorelli, and I expect Bach too, would be the first to ask him to believe in a greater God. Again, if God exists, by what right does Mr. Lewis say God must not love, but must leave Him alone in order to remain just an Object of thought or art? These are only one or two examples of a type of thinking which I cannot but believe will be reset in the next work to come out. In the present volume the old ferment can still be seen working, and I think it is responsible for nearly all that is least attractive in "*Time and Western Man*." In reacting against time he has passed over to space, and however solid and substantial that region is, it is not the whole. Mr. Lewis finds the theory of time narrow and extreme, and in its present vogue he is undoubtedly right, but has he not drawn dangerously near to a theory which itself may become narrow and extreme? He has found a clue to modern thought, but a reader of his work can also see a clue to whatever failings there are in it. The refusal to see any value in time, the foreshortening of other views and occasional distortion of them, the habit of looking on a very low level for motives and ideals of others and the insensitiveness to what is higher than self, these and more which might be mentioned are the faults of a space-cult carried too far. But it is unfair to linger on such faults, when a writer has been so successfully smashing idols, which the Catholic and the Catholic philosopher detest. "*Time and Western Man*" is one of the most significant books of the age, and the Catholic philosopher very readily and gladly accepts the offer of an alliance which Mr. Lewis makes in these pages.

M. C. D'ARCY.

CATHOLIC ECONOMICS

JUST as the world is at last awakening to the fact that international peace is better worth promoting than international strife, so within each civilized state the class-war, begotten of Manchester economics and Marxian theories, is coming to be recognized as suicidal. And, as usual, the wisdom of the world in both cases lags behind the wisdom of the Popes. Benedict XV. laid down the conditions of international harmony which the League of Nations is now tardily and inadequately attempting to secure, and thirty-five years ago Leo XIII. demonstrated conclusively the only terms on which Capital and Labour could come to a permanent agreement. It may be well to recall at this juncture the solution suggested by the great Pope, for the minds of men, chastened by their experience of industrial troubles, are more willing than ever before to accept sure moral guidance.

Among the fundamental principles which Leo XIII. has laid down as basic to any sound solution of the industrial question, there are four which are of major importance. First, that this great labour question cannot be solved, save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable; second, that the labourer has a moral right to a living wage; third, that the workers have a natural right to form organizations for the purpose of bettering their conditions "to the utmost in body, mind and property"; fourth, that the State, in its protection of natural rights and the promotion of the common welfare of its members, must have special care for the poor and helpless, and "for this reason wage-earners, who, are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the Government." . . . "The law, therefore, should favour ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners."

The tendency of the law—the economic law, at least—for generations past has been, as the Pope says elsewhere, to concentrate ownership into the hands of a few. So we must take note that, according to Catholic Social doctrine, there is nothing inherently sacred in the modern capitalistic system. The merger, the trust, the combine and the super-trust so far from being sacrosanct, contain in their purposes, their

methods of organization and in their actual operation much that is manifestly ungodly. Capitalism, as we now have it, results largely from the rejection of the social ethics of Christianity in the period following the Reformation. Catholic sociologists have pointed out this fact, but latterly it has received support from non-Catholic writers as well. THE MONTH, in August 1926¹, called attention to an important and scholarly study by Professor R. H. Tawney, of the University of London, called, "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," wherein is ably demonstrated that Puritanism and individualistic philosophy form the natural progenitors of the modern capitalistic system. "Discarding the suspicion of economic motives," (he writes) "which had been characteristic of the reformers as of mediaeval theologians, Puritanism in its later phases added a halo of ethical sanctification to the appeal of economic expediency, and offered a moral creed in which the duties of religion and the call of business ended their long estrangement in an unanticipated reconciliation" (p. 239).

On the other hand, as stated by Professor Tawney in the opening chapter, "The Mediaeval Background," "when the sixteenth century opens not only political but social theory is saturated with doctrines drawn from the sphere of ethics and religion and economic phenomena are expressed as naturally and inevitably as the nineteenth century expressed them in terms of mechanism."

Largely because of this divorce of the economic and social processes from their divine purposes in life, human welfare and social order are gravely menaced rather than promoted by modern large-scale industry. As long as employers, industrial operators and financiers continue to regard accumulations of wealth as an absolute personal possession involving little or no social responsibility, serious social disorder and industrial unrest are certain to germinate, no matter what economic adjustments are effected. When financial profits rather than human welfare are made the supreme, if not the sole, test of industrial success, an inversion of the rational, divinely constituted order results. And any established social system whose basic principles involve a practical denial of life's rational purposes, as well as of Christian justice and charity, infallibly finds itself face to face, not only with moral and spiritual, but also with economic bankruptcy.

¹ "How the Reformation de-Christianized Economics," by H. Somerville: a study of Mr. Tawney's book.

Economic crises, such as England, Russia and some other countries are now facing, are inevitable elsewhere, and even in prosperous America, unless a considerable transformation in the orientation of our industrial processes is speedily undertaken. "A re-humanizing and a re-christianizing of industry is of vital importance to all mankind. Human rights and the rights of God must again be accorded their due precedence over the "rights" held sacred by "greedy speculators," who, as Pope Leo has stated, "use human beings as mere instruments of money-making."

"According to the order instituted by Divine Providence the goods of this earth," St. Thomas Aquinas states, "are designed to supply the needs of men," and so, as Leo XIII. adds, "whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of temporal blessings whether they be external, corporal or gifts of mind, has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature and at the same time that he may employ them as the steward of God's providence for the benefit of others."

Welfare, therefore, not wealth,—human well-being rather than financial dividends,—must come to be recognized by all classes as the chief aim of our industrial endeavours if they are to have a just and rational foundation. While industrial and financial leaders continue to use our great national resources merely in order to serve their own unnaturally stimulated personal and financial interests, chronic social and industrial unrest is inevitable.

Premier Mackenzie King, of Canada, has well stated that the unrest of to-day is the voice of a grief-stricken humanity calling for justice in the relations of industry. It is a cry for recognition of the sacredness of human personality, sadly outraged by modern commercialism. It is a demand that human values be not sacrificed for fuller financial gains: it springs from the heart of oppressed humanity, striving for liberation from—in the Pope's damning phrase—"a yoke little better than slavery"; it continues to manifest itself in the low rumblings of discontent, in the constant shiftlessness of industrial communities, and in the spasmodic outbursts of industrial strife, directed, ultimately, with whatever lack of right motive or method, against the injustices of an unnatural and unChristian industrial and social order.

There is no reason in the nature of things for this chronic state of revolt. It is against Christian morality and sound economics to suppose that Labour and Capital are necessarily

and naturally antagonistic. On the contrary, as Pope Leo has stated,

each needs the other; capital cannot get along without labour nor labour without capital. . . . There is no agency more powerful than Religion in drawing the rich and the poor breadwinners together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other and especially of the obligations of justice. Thus, Religion teaches the labouring man and the artisan to carry out honestly and fairly all equitable agreements freely entered into, to refrain from injuring the property or outraging the person of an employer. . . . Religion teaches the wealthy owner and the employer that the labourer is not their bondsman, that in every one they must respect his dignity and worth as a man and as a Christian, that labour is not a thing to be ashamed of, if we listen to reason and Christian philosophy, but is an honourable calling enabling man to sustain life in an upright and creditable way, that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels, as means for making money, or as machines for grinding out work.

So Christianity teaches, but, as a matter of fact, other principles prevail. Instead of agreeing to promote their common good, labour and capital persist in seeking their immediate personal good, and fight for control of the industrial processes and for a larger share of their product. The remedies are well-known : the recognition of labour's natural right to organize for its own protection and to bargain collectively ; the adoption of a scale of working hours in all industries that admits of adequate rest and recreation, and where possible of a five-day week ; the establishment of proper shop conditions so as to secure safety of life and limb, and physical and moral hygiene ; above all, the payment of decent and just wages. It is now generally recognized that the payment of a living wage is a moral obligation, founded on the law of self-preservation. Pope Leo says " there is a dictate of natural justice more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, viz., that remuneration should be sufficient to maintain the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. This obligation arises chiefly from the fact that the employer is not only the beneficiary of the service rendered for which a just return is due, but is also the distributor of the common heritage of nature's bounty on which all men must live. Hence, the demand made recently by

the Canadian Senator, Hon. G. D. Robertson, that the Government formulate a definite freight policy that would guarantee "first of all, an adequate wage for all men who perform a service" is thoroughly in accord with Catholic social principles. The employer should remember that living wages to his employees constitute a first charge on industry and should receive due consideration before stock-dividends are paid. Modern industry is now so largely in the hands of corporations, whose shareholders are out of touch with the individual workers, that it is difficult to bring home to individual beneficiaries this aspect of their duty.

But the adoption of any, or all, of these measures does not constitute, according to Catholic social doctrine, an adequate solution of our problem. As long as the great bulk of the instruments of production and distribution continue, as at present in almost all industries outside of agriculture, to be owned and managed by one class and operated by another, antagonism is sure to germinate and divergent personal interests are certain to clash. Under such a system, failing, as it does, to provide adequately for the normal development of man's personality, the masses of society are largely subject to the sway of economic forces and conditions over which they can exercise little or no determinative control. Man's freedom of action and moral responsibility are not properly safeguarded in any system where autocratic control is not proscribed.

Inherent in every normal person is a desire for the exercise of some control over the material environment in which he must fulfil his life's purposes and work out his soul's salvation. This desire calls for satisfaction. That man may fulfil his individual and social responsibilities, he must be afforded some considerable measure of control over the economic and social conditions and institutions under which he earns his living. There is also inherent in every normal man—including the workers who provide the human energy requisite for economic functioning—a natural instinct for property, the denial of the legitimate gratification of which must, to a considerable degree, be held responsible for present-day social and industrial unrest. A recent study of the American Bureau of Labour Statistics of the Federal Department of Labour shows that more than half of the factory workers in the United States change jobs during the course of the year. This heavy labour turn-over is declared by the economic experts of the Department to be the costliest waste in industry running into

many millions of dollars. They ascribe the fault for such abnormal turnover to the fact that wage and factory conditions are generally unsatisfactory. Hence, the feeling of insecurity of the masses of the labouring population, resulting from their lack of property, develops in many a species of wanderlust in search of better conditions.

How may these right and natural desires be satisfied? What change in our social and industrial order is needed to secure the basic needs of all concerned. No remedy can be successful which does not rest on sound economic, as well as moral, principles. We must find scope, in the first place, for the normal activities of human nature. Thus, men will exert their greatest efforts and attain to the maximum degree of contentment only when they become personally interested both in the work they are producing and in the productive organization. Our first remedy, therefore, must be to secure the creation of this interest. Labour must not be a mere tool, but must have an adequate share in industrial management. This is not an impracticable ideal : it has been tried, and employers who have had any considerable experience in this limited measure of democratic control are practically unanimous in testifying to its manifold advantages. It pays, as experience proves, even as a mere business proposition in real dollars and cents, not to mention any of its obvious manifold social advantages.

William R. Grace, President of the United States Bethlehem Steel Corporation, one of the greatest of American Captains of Industry, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, testifies to its advantages as follows :—

Since the establishment some years ago of a plan of representation in our plants, we have been gratified to note the increased interest the men are taking in every part of the business. Periods of unemployment are being reduced through the efforts of the men, the quality of work is improving, suggestions for safety provisions are coming from the men as well as suggestions for ways of increasing actual production.

Even Judge Ethelbert Gary, lately deceased, but for over a quarter of a century President of the United States Steel Corporation, seems to have learned through experience the very wholesome lesson, as he writes in *Current History*, March, 1926, that " ethical management earns additional profits, sooner or later the adoption of business ethics pays in dollars and cents."

The experiment in management participation inaugurated in the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Shop at Glenwood, Pennsylvania, long the chief source of industrial unrest in that company, proved so successful that it was soon extended to all of the 45 car-shops of the system. One of its most important results is the change of attitude in the part of the workers. The co-operative experiment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had, its President declared, created "a better state of mind, which was the first step in establishing harmonious relations."

Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railroad System, in which a similar system of co-partnership in management has been in operation for several years recently declared, "We are definitely and irrevocably committed on the Canadian National System to the principle of co-operation with our employees. The experiment in shop co-operation of which we have had two or three years experience has already justified itself and promises much for the future." (Letter to Labour Banquet, Washington, March 16, 1927.)

I might cite many other instances, regarding large American and Canadian concerns, in which labour participation in the management of industry has been successfully tested, such as the Fileen Department Stores, the Dutchers Bleachery, New York, the International Harvesters Company of America, etc. Moreover, it now constitutes a part of the regular policy of the chief labour union leaders in America. Even some of the former exponents of the class struggle theory are beginning to realize the value of such a step and may now be numbered among the advocates of this plan. In England, Labour leaders are showing themselves similarly enlightened. "The predominant need of to-day," says Mr. Philip Snowden, "is to get employers and employees to realize the fact that Trade Union workers and employers must get together, examine existing conditions and arrive at some means by which, through party co-operation, a new era of prosperity may be secured. I would like to see the Trade Union policy changed, so that the Trade Unions are not merely concerned, regardless of the condition of an industry, in getting the highest possible wages they can screw out of an industry, but rather in helping to make the industry thoroughly efficient so that the most will be there out of which wages can be paid."¹¹

¹¹ *Montreal Star*, June 24, 1926.

A second necessary step in the direction of Christian Industrial Democracy is the sharing by the labourers in the surplus profits of industry, due largely to their exertions. In the annual division of the spoils in the form of extra stock-dividends, the human agencies involved should receive primary consideration. In justifying an increase in the wage scale of the Canadian railways, Sir Henry Thornton¹ states that, "the zeal, efficiency and loyalty of the employees justify financial recognition and it is confidently believed that a large portion of the money (wage-increases) so spent will in the course of time be saved through improved good feeling and consequent efficiency."

Accordingly, through profit-sharing, whether in the form of wage increases or dividends, coupled with a considerable measure of management-participation, humane relations between capital and labour can be initiated with the result that many of the causes of unrest at present affecting our social system will disappear.

However, we must not rest satisfied even here. To effect the complete regeneration of our economic system in accordance with Christian Democratic principles, a very considerable transference of ownership of the means and the instruments of production and distribution, from the possession and control of the few to the masses of mankind, must be effected.

During the period when the Catholic religion exercised its most potent social influence, the workers—the masses of the people in rural as well as in urban communities—were, in accordance with Catholic social theory, the chief owners themselves of the economic productive instruments. Where individual possession was impracticable the guild system secured for the labourers themselves participation in the actual ownership as well as in the management of the industry in which they toiled. To this goal of widely distributed ownership,—the democratic control of property—Catholic social doctrine now, as in the ages past, points as the ideal to be achieved.

This then forms the third, the final as well as the most important stage, in the gradual process of reorganizing the economic and industrial system in accordance with Christian Democratic principles. The words of Pope Leo are clear: "The law, therefore, should favour ownership and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class

¹ In the annual report of the Board of Directors presented last March (1927) to the House of Commons.

to become owners." In this way alone, will the labourer obtain that degree of personal security and social power which are generally necessary to ensure the full normal development of human personality, as well as to satisfy the legitimate demands of rational human instincts. This end can best be attained through associated efforts and co-operative methods, which, in the spirit of the mediæval guilds, embody the fundamental principles of ownership and management by the workers.

Let us not say that the immense development and complicated nature of modern industry makethis ideal impracticable. *Solvitur ambulando.* Consumers' co-operatives, producers' co-operatives, marketing co-operatives, credit co-operatives and co-operative banks—all these forms of amalgamation between capital and labour have shown how feasible and beneficial it is, and the plan should no longer be considered as experimental. The Canadian Wheat Pool affords incontestable testimony of the effectiveness of co-operation as a solvent of a great agricultural problem and, by providing a panacea for the ills of a languishing industry, is fast placing the Western Canada farmer in a position of solvency and independence.

The words of T. W. Ransom, Secretary of the Pool, explains how this is done. "Through the gradual elimination," he says, "of the profit system, substituting therefor that of co-operation. Co-operation means each working for all and all for each; the changing of the profit motive to that of service. It is the practical application of religion to our business and daily activities—democratic control is secured on the principle that 'one man, one vote,' the return of surplus savings and earnings to the member on the basis of his patronage and not on the basis of any capital investment, and the reorganization of society by placing human rights above that of capital. Co-operation is the means by which democracy can be made to properly function. If democratic institutions and modern civilization are to continue and progress it can only be on the basis of co-operation."¹

That the world has benefited greatly through co-operative effort such as that of the Western Canadian farmers, is also the belief of Lord Bledisloe, former member of the Department of Agriculture of Great Britain, who states, that "the world has reason to be thankful for the work the Pools have done towards the elimination of speculation in wheat. This means, in effect, that the Pools have done a real service to mankind

¹ *The Scoop Shovel*, Manitoba, March 27, 1927.

in general and that the struggle for the elimination of speculation should continue unabated."¹

The success of co-operative organizations, in the face of great difficulties and opposition in the agricultural, financial, commercial, transportation and other fields, indicates the possibilities of co-operative methods as a solution of our vital economic and industrial problems. Universal success cannot be hoped for all at once, but even a considerable percentage of failures cannot be any more disastrous to humanity than a continuance of our present capitalistic system, for this, judged by its fruits in terms of success or failure to promote human welfare and to safeguard and enhance spiritual realities, must be declared to be well-nigh bankrupt. Besides its inevitable tendency, if unchecked, is, as Mr. Belloc has shown, to establish once more a state of feudalism, in which the masses of the people are under the economic and the political control of a comparatively small number of industrial and financial barons.

Consumers' co-operatives, purchasing directly from the farmers' co-operative marketing associations, would make possible for the masses of the labouring population a much higher standard of living at probably a lessened cost. The ever-present plague of the parasitic middleman would thus be mitigated. Co-operative credit associations and co-operative banks, where judiciously managed, render invaluable service at much lower rates to their members. American labour unions realizing the importance and value of such organizations for the promotion of the welfare of its members have within the last few years organized between thirty and forty of such co-operative banks.

In this task of economic and social reorganization the State can and should do much. The law should favour ownership, and, as the Pope adds, especially small owners. In this way the State will best ensure its own stability, for, as Wilfred King, director of the American National Bureau of Economic Research, lately stated² :—

The fact is generally recognized that the country in which most of the wealth is in the hands of the few, while the great majority of the people are property-less, is one in which it is easy to incite the inhabitants to revolution, for under such circumstances the masses feel that they

¹ *The Scoop Shovel*, April, 1927, p. 11.

² At the Annual Convention, December 28, 1926, at St. Louis, of the American Statistical Association.

have very little to lose through any political upheaval that may occur. On the other hand, in the nation in which the greatest majority of the inhabitants are property owners, Governments tend to be unusually stable.

The establishment of Christian Industrial Democracy on these lines does not, however, imply the abolition of all previous economic institutions. Co-partnership and co-operative arrangements, whilst providing for a very considerable extension of private ownership, allow for the continuance of individually-conducted enterprises, as well as of public ownership of certain types of public utilities when the common welfare so demands. But in every case it does demand the regeneration of all economic institutions, the imbuing of our social and industrial order with a new spirit, or rather a revival of the old Christian spirit,—industry for humanity,—so that every such institution should be able to justify its existence by showing that it promotes human welfare—the individual and social well-being of mankind. Christian ethics demand the reconstruction of our economic and industrial institutions so that economic interests may no longer occupy a position of exclusive predominance.

As Professor Tawney, in an earlier work than that quoted above, points out, "the mediaeval church had asserted the whole compass of human interests."¹ Realizing, as pointed out by St. Thomas Aquinas, the vital connection between economic needs and spiritual welfare, the Church showed herself the ardent advocate of agricultural, industrial and economic, as well as of intellectual advancement, during the centuries which are now termed the golden era of labour.

The spirit of Christ, yet active in that self-same Church, still forbids moral and religious indifference to any of these human interests. The Popes during the past forty years have shown themselves thoroughly alive to the Church's obligations in this field, as Pope Pius X. (1905) stated the solution of the industrial problem is "worthy of the best energy and perseverance of all the Catholic forces." Pope Benedict XV., in stressing the duty of the Catholic clergy to engage actively in the solution of the social question, states, "let no one think that there is question here of an activity that is foreign to the sacred ministry because it has to do with economics; for in this very social question the eternal salvation of souls is imperilled. Wherefore we desire that they (priests and especi-

¹ "The Acquisitive Society," p. 241.

ally pastors) count among their duties to apply themselves as much as they can in their studies and by their vigilance and activities to the theory and practice of social science and that they aid with all their resources those who are engaged in our organizations." (Letter to Bishop of Bergamo on the Social Question.)

The aim of Christian industrial democracy must ever be, to quote again Pope Leo XIII., "to make the condition of those who toil more tolerable, to enable them to obtain, little by little, the means by which they may provide for the future, to help them to practise in public and in private life the duties which morality and religion inculcate, to aid them to feel that they are not animals but men, not heathens but Christians and so enable them to strive more zealously and more eagerly for the one necessary thing, the ultimate good of life, eternal salvation."¹¹

That the programme, here briefly outlined, is in full harmony with the social teachings of the American Catholic Hierarchy is evident from their Social Reconstruction Program, in which it is stated that :—

the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through co-operative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements. . . However slow the attainment of these ends, they will have to be reached, before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an industrial and social order that will be secure from the dangers of revolution.

And ecclesiastical leaders in England also have ever shown themselves faithful interpreters of what may be called the Church's Labour policy ; as, indeed, in every land, are those who are fully possessed of the spirit of Him who "had compassion on the multitude."

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¹¹ Encyclical on Christian Democracy.

CONTINUITY : A DREAM

THE Vicar of Buscot Parva, an honest and ardent High Churchman, heard his front door shut behind the Catholic friend who had just left him and, settling himself down again into his long, cushioned, wicker chair, stretched out his slippers feet to the blazing logs. It was Christmas Eve. They had been discussing religion. Indeed the Vicar rarely discussed anything else, especially whenever he could get hold of a Catholic,—a “ Roman ” rather, for he, too, of course, was a Catholic,—to discuss with. He had only a year or two before been inducted into this quiet Cotswold parish from a Curacy in a busy London slum. He was very much in earnest, he took his office very seriously, and he truly and firmly believed (though you may find it hard to understand) in the reality of Holy Orders in the Church of England and in himself, therefore, as a sacrificing Priest.

They had been talking about that vital subject this evening, and he had at last compelled his Catholic, or Roman, friend to tell him exactly and plainly why he did not admit the validity of Anglican orders. Driven into a corner and told to speak plainly and not mind giving offence, the friend had been plain enough. “ And so that’s why I can’t believe in your ‘orders’, ” he had concluded—“ Not because of any nice points about Bishop Barlow and the consecration of Parker—though *I* shouldn’t like to feel that *my* orders crossed upon so frail and doubtful a bridge—but simply because the formularies used by the Church of Elizabeth deliberately excluded the idea of sacrifice, so that the new worship was based upon a formal denial and rejection of the Mass. Because the ‘ sacrifices of Masses,’ the very core and the heart of the Catholic religion, which you now, after three hundred years or so, pretend again to offer, were then, in the very Articles of the new (call it reformed if you like) religion, declared to be ‘ blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.’ Because the new Bishops who replaced the extruded Marian episcopate were appointed precisely *not* to ordain priests to say Mass but to say something different. Because the priests they ordained to take the place of the thousands of the old priests and monks who resigned or were turned adrift to beg or starve in the highways, were ordained

precisely *not* to say Mass but to abjure it. Because even to hear that Mass was then made a penal offence for which thousands of obstinate laymen were bled white by fines and sequestration. Because, later in that reign, to say that Mass was made a capital offence punishable by death, the horrible death of hanging and drawing and quartering, and, even if I did not deny continuity, Tyburn gibbet would deny it for me in the blood of hundreds of disembowelled priests. Oh! I know that you and hundreds like you honestly believe that you have orders. I do not question your good faith, I know you do, though I cannot understand it. Who am I to question it when I remember for how many years Newman, a far brainier and more deeply-read man than you or I, clung honestly to that belief?

" But it won't do. You cannot blow hot and cold. You cannot eat your cake and have it, too. The new nobility and the *nouveaux riches* of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. ate their cake in the goods and the land of the rifled monasteries; and the new bishops and presbyters of Elizabeth ate theirs in the emoluments of the sees and livings of the dispossessed bishops and rectors and vicars of the old faith. And one and all, they justified their position, resulting from those acts of spoliation and dispossession, (if they troubled to justify them at all) upon a denial of the Mass. How could they claim continuity with the old Faith? And if they could not, how can you? How could they claim continuity?—except perhaps as a lion in the Roman Colosseum might have claimed to be a Christian, because he had just eaten and was comfortably digesting a couple! If you want it in a sentence—why I don't believe in your 'Continuity'—it is because, as I saw it very well said somewhere the other day, it seems to me to be an essential of continuity that it should be continuous. Put that in your pipe and smoke it." And he had laughed and added, as he was putting on his coat. " I tell you what; it would be a jolly good idea if I were to have that printed like a text in whacking great letters and hung up over your fire-place there. 'CONTINUITY MUST BE CONTINUOUS.' I've a jolly good mind to. Well—I hope you aren't annoyed, old chap, you asked for it, you know. Good-night and a Merry Christmas!"—and he had gone.

He had gone, and the Vicar had stretched his slippers feet to the blazing logs. No, he was not annoyed; he was not even rattled. He had heard it all before, though perhaps not quite so trenchantly put. He knew the answers to it. At least—did he? He began to go over them in his mind. Eliza-

beth and her political advisers had nothing to do with it. That was the State—the Church had remained the Church but reformed and “with her face washed.” Good phrase that, he thought; quite as good as “Continuity must be continuous.” “Confound the fellow! Perhaps he was a little bit rattled. Well—it had been continuous. There always had been some priests in the Church of England, ordained by the new rite, who had continued to offer up, and believed they were offering up the Sacrifice of the Mass. Had there? Was he quite sure? Tyburn gibbet was an ugly spectre. But those priests from St. Omer were hanged and drawn and quartered, not for saying Mass, but for conspiring against Elizabeth. They shouldn’t have mixed up politics with their religion. Had they?—all of them?

“Continuity must be continuous—put that in your pipe and smoke it.” He reached his left hand out to his pipe on the table and began to fill it from the open pouch with thumb and fingers, his right hand drumming on his knee. Hang controversy and continuity too. He would think of something else. He looked at the clock. It was eleven, it would be midnight and Christmas-day in an hour. A pity he wasn’t going to have midnight Mass. He had planned to have it but had to give up the idea. He dared not do it—yet. In the year and a half he had been Vicar here he had done much, he thought, and he would do more yet, but he must go carefully. He had vestments and candles and all the Catholic appurtenances. He heard confessions—when anybody came. He said Mass every morning. He even had a high or sung Mass on Sunday. Most of the gentry didn’t like it—some had made a scene about it—some had absented themselves from his church in protest. Most of the village folk didn’t care—many of them went to the Wesleyan or Baptist Chapel or didn’t go to church at all.

But he had had his way, he had done what was right. He sighed. Their religion was not *real* to them—not *real*. But he would make it *real*. They would come round. Some day he would have them all coming to Mass daily as it used to be in England, making their religion a part of their daily lives as it used to be. He would go on and persevere. God would bless his perseverance. Next year he would have the midnight Mass. Next year—his head drooped. “Continuity must be contin—” he slept.

It was not night; but it was not yet broad day. It was not winter; it was Spring. It was cold but a pulse-quicken-

cold, and the upland air was live with the scent of morning and of leaf buds.

He was walking, striding fast, with cassock kilted high about his hips, up the slope of a little open valley in a clearing among great woods. The cassock did not trouble him; he was used to walking about his own little village in a cassock and the villagers had ceased to stare. He knew he was in his own Cotswold country and yet it seemed somehow different. Over his right shoulder as he walked, the sun, not quite risen yet, flushed to rose-gold the clouds that swam in an opal sky above the dark trees and gave promise of a fine morning and rain to follow. He was himself and yet somehow he wasn't (as happens in dreams) and he was not quite sure yet who he was. It was Spring right enough, he could smell that and feel it in his veins; and he knew too, somehow, that it was the feast of the Annunciation and that he was walking out to an outlying chapel in the forest to say an early Mass. And then it came to him that he was the parish priest, not of his own parish he thought, but of a larger parish that reached higher into the hills and that he had a dispensation to say a mass on Our Lady's great feast in that little chapel of hers in the forest, besides the Mass he would say later in his own parish church. It was his own country he felt sure, though strangely different. There to the north where the dark forest rose up in a long ridge and fell away suddenly so that it lay like a great lion couchant, regardant, in the clear dawn;—there must be Stow on the Wold and behind and all about him, covering all the little valleys he had known now for two summers as open corn or grass land, was the great forest of Wychwood. He began to be aware that it must be a very long time ago and not now at all. He didn't puzzle much about it; it all seemed perfectly right and natural. It was a fine morning and he was going to say an extra mass for Our Lady whom he loved very much and he felt very glad and happy. Half a dozen larks were singing over his head and as he left the valley clearing and plunged, still climbing, into the great wood the sun rose up over the trees behind him and a million dew-drops on the grass bents of the wide drive twinkled into green and gold.

"Good Morrow, Sir Giles, and Our Lady's benison," came a clear voice, and from a lateral ride on his left hand came, with a jingle of bit and a little silver noise of bells, a rider in forest-green with a hooded hawk upon his wrist. The vicar's hand lifted, with no volition of his own, and made the sign of the cross in the air towards the rider and his lips spoke the

Latin benediction and added then in English, " and her blessings upon you, too, my son."

He smiled up at the rider, though he did not know him, and the rider, checking his horse, fell into step beside him and they went on up the forest ride side by side. " That is a good tiercel falcon you have there, Sir Forester," the Vicar heard himself, or Sir Giles, or whoever he was, saying. " And what brings you out riding so early and whither do you ride?" " I left Minister Lovell in the cockshut light an hour ago. I am my Lord of Oxford's falconer (and I know you, Sir Giles, though you seem not to know me) and I carry this eyas falcon to the great Abbey of Winchcomb as a gift to the Prior, who, they say, is a master falconer himself."

So they beguiled the way in talk and they spoke of the new legate that Pope Boniface had sent over to England and of other high matters of Church and State till the falconer said, laughing, " But these be great matters for a falconer and a parish priest," and shouted suddenly " Haro ! haro ! Brawn and mustard, brawn and mustard !" as a herd of swine crossed the ride in front of them and plunged into the forest again on the other side. " The sight of swine always makes me hungry."

" You have not broken fast yet then?" asked Sir Giles. " Do you come to hear my Mass at Our Lady's chapel and to receive the Host?"

" Why yes, perdie ! Why else do I ride with you, my father ? Mass or meat ; meat or Mass never wasted a man's time yet. I shall reach the Abbey in an hour after you have placed the Christ upon my tongue, if I spur a little,—and with the better appetite."

As he spoke they came out of the forest into a high clearing where, on a little sheep-grazed plateau of the hills, Our Lady's chapel stood in the sunshine and, about its porch, some two-score men and women, but mainly men, waiting for the priest. There were wood-cutters and forest reeves and a knot of grimy charcoal burners and, for contrast, a couple of milkmaids in white smocks who had come already from their milking on an upland farm near by, and the farmer himself and his two sons, and swineherds, and a Friar in a brown habit and with bare feet, dew-washed but streaked with mud, and carrying a great osier basket for alms—a brother of that new order of St. Francis lately come to England, but already spread far and wide. All bowed their heads and crossed themselves as his hand went up in blessing. Then, taking a great key from his breast, the Vicar (for suddenly now he seemed to be the Vicar

more than Sir Giles) unlocked the door and went in, the others trooping after him, the falconer, who had hitched his bridle to an iron hook in the chapel wall, coming in with the tiercel still upon his wrist. The Vicar's hand went instinctively to the holy water stoup as he came in and he crossed himself as he walked up the little aisle to the sanctuary and so into the tiny sacristy. He was becoming more and more self-conscious and a little nervous, and now, as he watched the farmer's son, who was to serve his Mass, take the vestments out of the oak press and lay them ready for his vesting, he began to feel afraid. He was going to say Mass for and with these good, simple folk; he was really going to say Mass; and to some of them, to one at least he knew, he was going to give communion, and he felt afraid. But why? Why? he asked himself; he had surely been saying Mass now for years and giving communion too. There was nothing new or strange about it, nothing to be fearful about, he was a priest ordained. And yet, and yet, why was there this clutch at his heart, this drumming in his temples?

Half-dazed, he took the box he had been carrying, unlocked it and took out the silver-gilt chalice and put it on the little sacristy table. There was a large host, too, and the paten, and the corporal, and the purificator, and a little horn box of smaller wafers, and these he put too on the table. Half-dazed, he arranged the chalice and began to vest, murmuring the vesting prayers in Latin.

There was no difficulty about that, he knew them all by heart; there was no difficulty about vesting, he had done it every day and without a tremor. But now, sweat came out in beads upon his forehead and his palms grew moist and his tongue choked him, so that he had to swallow every few seconds. Yet he must go on; whether he was Sir Giles or the Vicar—and now he hoped and feared, and feared and hoped, and yet was all bemused and knew not which he hoped and which he feared—whoever he was he must go on, he could not disappoint these good, simple people.

He finished his vesting, and with a sort of blind prayer to Our Lady, for help, for forgiveness, for he knew not what, he came out into the Sanctuary, the server before him, and bowing low went up the two steps to the altar and set thereon the veiled chalice and spread the corporal. As he did so, the full realization of what he was about to do almost made him swoon. *He was really going to say Mass.* If he were Sir Giles, the parish priest, it must be so—*this time for sure*, so soon as he should have said those tremendous words, Our

Lord would be in his hands. A fearful joy, a sort of happy terror seized and shook him. But the terror was the more overwhelming. For if he were not Sir Giles but the Vicar, as now he almost knew himself to be—*what then?* Would God come down upon the altar then? He *knew* now that He would not. His whole soul and conscience cried out to him that those words upon his lips would be of no avail. What sacrilege then was he about to commit? What hideous fraud to perpetrate upon these trusting folk who would hear his empty Mass, adore untransubstantiated bread and wine, and receive, not God Incarnate, but a wafer?

With the blood pounding now in his temples like a mill-wheel and his heart afloat in his breast, the Vicar came down the steps and, turning, bowed and began the Mass.

"*In nomine Patris . . . Introibo ad altare Dei . . .*" the words that should have come trippingly from his tongue came in stammers and all the time his soul was crying out, "Forgive me, O God! forgive me! for, indeed, I know not what I do!"

With every word the panic grew upon him, his voice grew husky, the sweat poured down his face,—and at the "*Judica me Deus*"—he had got no further than that—he faltered—"Judge me, O God!" He tried again, "*Judica me, Deus—discerne causam meam*"—"Judge me, O God! Distinguish my cause from the peoples who are not Thy people! from the churches which are not Thy church!" No, he could not go on. He saw, as through a mist, the server look up at him in wonder or alarm, he felt his senses slipping from him, he seemed to reel—and all the world went dark.

It was still dark when consciousness came to him again; but no, not quite dark, and as he looked up from where he sat it came to him, at once almost, who he was and where, and what he was doing. He was sitting in the choir stalls of some great Cathedral or Abbey Church and they were singing compline. Above him the roof soared into darkness, but a little of the last evening twilight came palely through the lancet windows of the clerestory and the great east window of the Resurrection made a faint glow in the darkness. He could dimly see his fellows who were singing with him in the choir, dark against the carved oak stalls; one of them who led the singing from the central lectern he could see plainly for there were two candles alight upon the desk before him. He saw that he was a Benedictine monk; (the Vicar knew the habit, he was learned in all such things) and he lifted his own wide sleeve to his

face and knew that he was a Benedictine too. He felt no wonder but a sort of comfortable content and sang his responses lustily. He listened to the words of the psalms as he sang and thought he recognized them. And then it came to him, suddenly and quite clearly, (as happens in dreams) that it was the eve of Pentecost and that he was Dom Meinrad, the guest-master for the nonce of the great abbey of Winchcomb.

Compline over, he filed out of the choir with the others with some thought of supper and still more of bed, for he was tired after a long day and there would not be much time for sleep before he should be roused again for Matins. Someone twitched him by the sleeve and murmured in the gloom that he was wanted in the confessional. A little regretfully he turned back and walked down the echoing side aisle to where his confessional stood. As he went he passed a figure kneeling hunched up against a pillar with head buried in its arms, and he remembered that that day one had taken sanctuary in the Monastery, a Lancastrian baron flying from the bloody field of Tewkesbury, a man of violent and evil life, and not in war only; a man reputed rapacious, cruel to the weak, a ravisher of women.

Sanctuary was not always respected now in these troubled times, as he knew, but this man had been taken in and placed in the Church itself as the only place where he might be safe, for a time at least, time perhaps for repentance and to prepare his soul for God before he was plucked forth by the triumphant Yorkist King and made to pay the penalty for treason. The Church, and the Benedictine Order, should be no respecter of persons, Yorkist or Lancastrian, King or Traitor, and she would save him if she could; or if she could not save his body, give him respite enough at least to save his soul. Was this man to be his penitent? he wondered. He shuddered a little but went into his confessional and taking the stole from where it hung, kissed it and placed it round his neck and sat down, waiting.

As he waited, doubts began to assail him as they had assailed him in that little chapel of Our Lady in the Cotswold Hills. If he were truly and really Dom Meinrad, the Benedictine priest, well and good: but he was becoming more and more conscious that he was only the Vicar of Buscot Parva and, if so, what then? Well—what then? Why should these doubts assail him? He had never felt them when, rarely, one of his flock had come to him in the confessional there. Or had he felt and stifled them? After all, it had not mattered there. Those who came to him there knew him for what he

was, they were of his Church, they accepted his orders for what they were or might be, they took their chance. It could do them no harm, it must surely do them some good, whether he could give them valid absolution or no, to have wished even to humble themselves before God and to confess and do penance, as Our Lord had yearned that all sinners should do. *But this man—?*

In the hollow, silent darkness of the Church he heard heavy steps as the penitent dragged himself to the confessional and sank down on his knees on the other side of the grille. The Vicar (or Dom Meinrad) spoke the benediction—and there was a long silence. But he could hear, close to his ear, the heavy, tortured breathing of the penitent. He could hear more than this; he could hear a soul writhing in shame and anguish of spirit but rebellious still. The grace of God had brought this sinner to the confessional, to the very brink of safety, but the battle was not over yet, the devil was still fighting to keep what he had long looked upon as his own. Could he, the Vicar thought, if he were not Dom Meinrad, could he hear this confession? Ought he not now, at once, before it was too late, make some excuse and go to fetch some other priest? He could say he was ill—or anything. Dared he risk anything at all, the least scrap of doubt, in a matter like this, of life and death :—of life and death?—oh! how much more than that, O God the Holy Ghost—of life or death eternal!

But, he thought, if he make a good confession, even if my orders are not valid, God will forgive him: if he be truly sorry, even if my absolution avail nothing, he will yet be absolved. The thought comforted him a little, but only a little; for now his conscience cried out to him that he *knew*, that it was no longer doubt, he *knew* that the words of absolution on his lips would be empty words and that he would cheat the wretched penitent as he uttered them.

He half rose from his seat to rush out and bring another priest—but then the penitent spoke at last—and it was too late.

“ Father, I have sinned.” The grace of God had won so far: would it prevail to the end?

“ So have we all, my son, but the mercy of God is infinite.” “Aye, aye,” the penitent groaned aloud, “but—but—God’s mercy! I have done nothing else but sin.”

“ You have called on God’s mercy!” the priest’s voice was glad. “It waits you, wide and fathomless. Tell your sins

swiftly and, if you be truly sorry, your soul shall be as white as snow."

"I cannot, I cannot," muttered the penitent. "I am ashamed."

"The shame was in sinning. It is no shame to confess. It is not my ears that will hear but the Holy Ghost. Tell your sins. God waits."

Was it himself or the Benedictine speaking? For now it had seemed to the Vicar as if he had been listening to another, and yet he knew that he was there, in this confessional, and that his lips had moved and that presently, at once, he must hear this dark soul unburden itself, and must help and encourage and console. It seemed to be given to him to see into that tortured soul and to read its horrible secrets, soon to be uttered aloud with groans and writhings. He shut his eyes, he could bear it no more, what right had he to hear? He must go—at once. He tried to rise. He thought he spoke aloud, "I cannot, I cannot; wait—I will bring another," but the words choked in his throat, the blood rushed to his head, —and again the world went dark.

When he woke again to consciousness he was wide awake at once, alert and panting, with one hand pressed hard against a bare stone wall and his head bent forward, listening, listening. He heard, through the masonry, dull tramplings and blows and the sound of heavy doors being opened and shut and, more dimly, the muffled shouting of loud and angry voices. And he knew that he was a hunted Jesuit priest from St. Omer and that he was in the priests' hiding place in the old moated house of his uncle Sir John Armytage in Norfolk, —his uncle who had clung to the old faith and still kept his house over his head with some fragment of his lands, the rest having gone piecemeal to pay his fines for recusancy during the past 20 years. He knew—the Vicar knew, I mean,—that he had been put ashore that morning soon after midnight somewhere between Lowestoft and Yarmouth and, making his way inland, had lost his bearings in the dark; that the dawn had surprised him yet five miles away from his uncle's house; that he had been recognized and pursued; and that, though he had given his pursuers the slip, they were hard on his heels when he had arrived, wet and spent, at the house and had been bundled, with scarce time for greeting, into his hiding hole. He knew he was pretty safe; he had been here before as had many other priests, and the hiding place had never yet been discovered. It was in the thickness of the walls, where a squat tower grew out of them at one of the

corners of the house and thrust itself out into the moat. It was, in shape, a T-square, two narrow strips joined at a right-angle, very narrow but lofty and the walls of bare stone. A little light came in from slits in the ivied wall above the moat.

As he listened, there was a sudden louder explosion of noise and angry shouting and then he heard the great door of the house slam and the sound of horses' hooves upon the cobblestones outside, loud at first and then dying away—and he knew that he was safe for the present. He sighed with relief and relaxed his tense position and then, sitting down on the pallet bed that was in the corner of one arm of the room (the other arm was fitted up as a tiny chapel) he sighed again with bitterness at his own weakness.

"What a poor creature is man!" he murmured, "Here am I, who have prayed for martyrdom and thought myself fit to be one of God's heroes, and now, when it comes near me, I pant and quail and shiver and my heart beats like a frightened rabbit. How then should I bear myself in the cart or on Tyburn gibbet? Oh, Armytage, Armytage, thou unworthy priest of God, thou art a poor, a feeble thing!"

The Vicar who had shared in and felt these tremors and breathed quick through all those moments of expectant listening, who was wet and spent and weary for he had not slept at all, he knew, and had eaten little since he had left St. Omer, now two days ago; the Vicar was not quite sure that he agreed with these words though he had seemed himself to utter them; but while he was yet puzzling over this strange duality, there came a scratching at the far corner of the room and a sound of oiled hinges and a curtain that hung there was pulled aside and old Sir John Armytage came in. His face was troubled and he scarcely paused for greeting.

"They are gone—for the time," he said, "but they have left grief enough behind them. You are spent and hungry, I know, Adrian, but can you, even before you eat or drink or don dry clothes—can you come at once to speed a parting soul?"

The priest (or the Vicar) leapt to his feet, his face no longer drawn and his eyes shining. "Who is it?" he asked, and went straight to the other part of the room and opened an oak press where the holy oils were kept and busied himself in getting ready what he should need for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

"It is old Joyce," said Sir John, and his voice trembled. "He has served me, man and boy, for fifty years. He cannot live an hour. They have killed him."

"How came it?" asked the priest, and put his arm about Sir John to comfort him.

"When they failed to find you, they grew angry and tore down all the pictures and the hangings and thrust swords through panels and overturned and emptied chests and armouries. They threw down and trampled upon a rosary and some pictures which they found and said were popish idols. So old as he is, I knew the fierce temper that still hides under old Joyce's white hairs and I tried to keep him away from them, but one of them came upon him as he was trying to hide his crucifix and tore it from him and spat upon it,—and Joyce smote him in the mouth and the knave drew his dagger and stabbed him through the breast."

"He is a better martyr than I," said the priest, with a sad smile, "and God has chosen him before me. I will go down. Can he receive the host?"

"He is stabbed through the lungs and is bleeding to death inwardly, but I think he can receive," said Sir John.

The Jesuit took the pyx from the little altar, where he had placed it as soon as he had come (for he had brought it from St. Omer in his bosom), and thrust it again into his breast and then, taking up the oils and wool he had got ready, he followed Sir John out of the hiding place.

Up to this moment the Vicar had felt strangely aloof from this young Jesuit priest in whose form he moved and with whose voice he spoke; who was, in fact, apparently himself. But now, as he followed Sir John down the broad oak stairs into the great hall, it became very clear to him that it was he, the Vicar of Buscot Parva, who so followed and that it was he who was about to communicate and to anoint a dying Catholic.

He could feel the pyx in the little pocket above his heart and his heart had begun to beat strangely since he had placed it there. He knew that the hosts it contained were consecrated hosts, but even if he had not his pulses would have told him so for they beat quite otherwise than when he had carried the host, as he had sometimes ventured to do, to the sick in his own parish. He knew now quite surely that he carried his Lord. And again doubts began to assail him. But this was absurd, he thought angrily. What he was going to do now, surely could not matter. He might have scruples about saying Mass for Catholics in a Catholic chapel; he might have scruples about hearing the confession of a Catholic sinner who repented; but why, in heaven's name, should he not place an already consecrated host between the lips of a dying man? Yes—and comfort him, too, by administering extreme

unction? It was true he never had done *that* before, but he had often wanted to and he knew all about it and could manage quite well with the help of the book he knew was in his pocket. Even if he were not an ordained priest why should he not in this emergency? Yet, all the time, something was telling him that he must no more do what he now contemplated doing than he might have done those other things at which he had quailed; and as he watched Sir John and his daughter light the candles and spread the white linen upon the table by the couch where old Joyce lay with closed eyes, his waxen hands clasping the insulted crucifix, it was borne in upon his reason and his conscience *why*.

For if he were not a priest ordained, he saw now that he was not a Catholic; not even a Catholic layman; he was not in communion with these folk at all; the greater must include the less and, if his Orders went, all was gone, and he had no business to be here. He knew now that he must go, as he had gone before. And this time he had the consoling thought (such strange things are dreams) that he need not fear to go for that this capable young Jesuit would remain and would not fail to do what had to be done, for the sons of St. Ignatius, whatever else he might think about them were, he knew, conscientious workmen and did not let souls slip between their fingers.

"All is ready, Adrian," said Sir John.

"Leave us then for a moment," the Vicar heard himself say. "I will see if he can speak or at least hear me and give sign. If I cannot confess him I will give him conditional absolution, though it hardly needs it for he should go very nearly straight to God; nearly as straight as St. Peter."

He smiled, and, as they went out of the hall, he went over and knelt down by the couch side. Old Joyce's eyes opened at once and were filled with happiness and his lips moved.

And as Joyce's eyes opened a mist passed over the eyes of the Vicar as he knelt, and grew thicker and thicker—something seemed to crack in his brain—and he awoke. . . .

He was still in his study chair with his feet stretched out to the fire. A half-burned log had fallen from the grate; that was what had awakened him. He bent to put it back on the fire, and the clock upon the mantelpiece struck twelve. It was Christmas-day. He was still under the influence of a strong emotion. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He sat for a long time staring into the fire but seeing quite other things. Then he got up and, taking a large key from the wall, went out into the night.

It was a black night of stars, and frosty, with no moon. As he walked across the meadow path to his church he could hear the branches of the trees contract, with little crepitations, in the cold. He did not feel the cold, he was on fire. He went through the lych gate and past the tombstones, ghost-gray in the starlight, and went into the church. Though he was on fire it struck a chill upon his heart. Empty,—empty. Had it always felt as empty as this? He did not think so, it couldn't have; but now it seemed to him a husk. The sanctuary lamp burned red, but seemed to shiver in the void. There was no awareness of the presence of God.

He went up the aisle and up the steps and, kneeling, rested his forehead upon the altar. Nothing spoke to him, no thrill came, no whisper comforted. He knew now that he had never said Mass, that God had never come down upon this altar, that his priesthood had been but a simulacrum and that all his priestly work was void.

Empty and cold and dark. This was not how he had felt in the little chapel of Our Lady in the hills, or in the choir or that awesome confessional at Winchcomb Abbey. This was not how he had felt when, his heart beating against the pyx, he had watched them light the candles for old Joyce's communion. He had had his lessons. He had learned from those dreams or visions that he could not say Mass, that he could not give absolution, that he could speed no parting soul with the last sacraments of the one Church of God, that he was not in communion with that Church—that he was nothing. He knew that, stretching every conceivable historical point to the utmost, his Orders remained doubtful in the extreme, and therefore incapable of being blamelessly exercised. He knew what he had to do. He got up and came out of the Church and as he stood for a moment in the porch and looked up at the frosty stars he murmured to himself, "Thank God, I have no wife or child!"

He held his service in the church that morning, for he could not disappoint his congregation on Christmas Day, and he preached them a sermon, very short, on Bethlehem and humility, which, he said, (and especially humility of mind) was the virtue God loved most of all, as most befitting a creature. But there was no midnight Mass at Buscot Parva the next year, because another, rather evangelical, Vicar had taken the place of the Vicar whose steps we have been following, and our Vicar was then himself hearing a midnight Mass at the Beda in Rome.

W. H. W. BLISS.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE WITNESS OF LANGUAGE AGAINST THE EASTERN SCHISM.

THE witness of language allies itself with that of historical record against the pretensions of the Eastern "Orthodox." The name *Melchites* (Royalists or Imperialists) was given to the Catholics of Egypt, in contradistinction from the Nestorian heretics and schismatics, in days when Byzance was most evidently in union with the Holy See. Again, the late Dr. Adrian Fortescue tells us that "*rum millet* (*Roman* nation) is the Turkish name for the 'Orthodox Greeks,' a testimony deserving record." (*The Orthodox Eastern Church*, 1916, p. 239.) In a valuable work issued by Propaganda at Rome in 1855, *L'Eglise Orientale*, by J. G. Pitzipios, a Greek Catholic, we read: "This Church herself also frequently takes in her own official acts the title (*surnom*) *Church of the Romans* (ἢ Ἐκκλησία τῶν Ῥωμαίων). . . . The very Ottoman Government has never known and to this day does not know the Patriarch of Constantinople by any other name than that of *Patriarch of the Romans* (Roum-Patrik); as it designates also the Christians of the Eastern rite by the same name, that of *Romans* (Rum); in fine, it is this very name of *Roman* that these people give themselves in extending the use of this term even to the Greek language, which it calls *Roman language* (ἢ Ῥωμαικὴ γλῶσσα) and by which it is always designated by all the other peoples of the East." (Intr. pp. xi-xii.)

In his master work *The Pope*, De Maistre protests against the use of the terms "Greek Church," "Greeks," and the like, which he shows to be erroneous, a Western blunder. This contention is strongly endorsed by Pitzipios, who points out that they have always called themselves "Eastern" (*Orientale*). De Maistre indeed suggested the name "Photian," but in this he was not followed. The term "Orthodox" has at once the disadvantage of continuing a long-standing perversion of a Catholic word (like the title of "Catholicos" given to Nestorian and Armenian patriarchs), and the advantage of being a title claimed and used by the Eastern separatists themselves.

Anglican controveirtists, with their usual disregard of inconvenient facts, have sometimes attempted to use the epithet "Greek Catholic," in a sense as defiant of history as is "Anglo-Catholic." Dr. Fortescue witnessed that the Easterns themselves, like normal and candid Protestants, reserve the title "Catholic" for us, to whom it belongs, except only when they wish to be rude.

A still later witness, Mr. W. L. Scott, K.C., of Ottawa, tells us in the *Commonweal*, N.Y., of June 16 last : " In the East the name ' Greek Catholic ' is universally and upon all occasions conceded to those of our faith, and is assumed by no one else. Every Easterner who calls himself a ' Catholic ' or a ' Greek Catholic ' is one of us. No doubt in theory the Orthodox Eastern Church claims to be Catholic (though quite contrary to the obvious geographical fact) just as we claim that our faith is orthodox, but in practice they concede the former name to us, as we do the latter to them " (quoted in the *Universe*, August 13, 1926).

Those who have not made acquaintance with De Maistre's great work will be amazed at the clear and abundant testimony to the Petrine claims drawn by him from the Russian liturgical books, then almost unknown in Western Europe, a witness supplemented and amplified later by the Barnabite Father Cæsarius Tondini. We can never be too grateful to De Maistre for the pioneer work he did in this and other directions, always in the defence of Catholic verity. Among other pieces he quoted the following hymn from the *Akaphisti sedmitchnii* (*Prières hebdomadaires*) printed at Mohiloff in 1698, adding that " it has not been possible to procure the original of this book. The citation is taken from another book, but which is very exact, and which has never deceived in any of the citations that have been borrowed from it and have been verified." The words are as follows : " Oh ! St. Peter, prince of the apostles ! apostolic primate ! immovable rock of faith, in recompense of thy confession, eternal foundation of the Church ; pastor of the speaking flock ; bearer of the keys of heaven ; chosen from among all the apostles to be, after Jesus Christ, the first foundation of the Holy Church—rejoice ! rejoice ! never-to-be-shaken pillar of the orthodox faith ! chief of the apostolic college ! "

In view of such clear utterances of Catholic truth to the confusion of the utterers, it is not surprising to find De Maistre obliged to add this footnote : " I have learned that for some time there are met with in trade at Moscow, as well as at St. Petersburg, some copies of these books, mutilated in the most striking places ; but nowhere are these decisive texts more legible than in the copies from which they have been torn out " (*The Pope*, Engl. tr., 1850, pp. 45-6). In the same way the avowed Protestant Laud mutilated the work of St. Francis de Sales, and when the printer restored the true text, called the latter " falsifications." Of Anglican and Eastern Anti-Catholics alike it may be said their speech, for all their skill, bewrays them. Truth cannot bear witness to a false position.

H. E. G. ROPE.

KING CHARLES II'S "JESUIT SON."

A SHORT article in the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* has recently revived the story of an illegitimate son of Charles II., who, in 1668, is said to have entered the Jesuit noviceship in Rome and whose whole career is wrapped in the deepest obscurity. History is apt to repeat itself in propounding such conundrums for the entertainment of the Sherlock Holmeses who deal in the mysteries of bygone days. We have previously discussed in these pages the case of James Ord, alleged to have been the offspring of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, a youth who likewise became a Jesuit novice for a time, but who, returning to the world, lived to an honoured old age, leaving progeny behind him.¹ Another, but more mythical, example which has also been brought to the notice of our readers, is that of the "Blessed Euphemia," a Dominican nun, who was stated to be the daughter of our English King Edward III., but whose highly fantastic adventures have not yet met with ecclesiastical recognition.² It must be admitted that though the hagiographical romance may have flourished most vigorously during the first ten centuries of Christian history, that form of literature had by no means died out at the Renaissance period or for several centuries after it.

Let us return, however, to the supposed scion of the royal house of Stuart who called himself James de la Cloche. Dom Basil Whelan in his recent notice of "Charles II.'s Jesuit Son" seems to us to have done the youth too much honour, even though he may plead that Lord Acton,³ Father John Morris⁴ and the Dictionary of National Biography have treated the novice's claims to noble birth not less seriously than he himself has done. The historical problem—for undoubtedly there is a problem—was of a type which might be expected to rouse the interest of that keen investigator and critic, the late Mr. Andrew Lang. It is not surprising, then, that in his book, "The Valet's Tragedy" (1903), we find the best statement of its complexities, for he was the first to bring all the evidence together and to show the bearing of the different items. Although he then refrained from any definite pronouncement, he did not openly question the genuineness of the letters (purporting to emanate from Charles II. and to have been penned by his own hand) which constitute almost all the data we possess for our knowledge of James de la Cloche's earlier career. The letters were printed by Father Boero, S.J., in an Italian translation⁵ from the French originals preserved in the Jesuit archives,

¹ See *THE MONTH* for January, 1906, "The Marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert."

² See *THE MONTH* for August, 1908, pp. 156–157.

³ In "The Home and Foreign Review," Vol. I. (1862), pp. 146–174.

⁴ In *THE MONTH*, September, 1891, pp. 54–59.

⁵ See the *Civiltà Cattolica*, 1863, April to September; a series of five articles, "Istoria della Conversione alla Chiesa Cattolica di Carlo II., Re d'Inghilterra."

but Father Boero had previously communicated a complete set of copies to Lord Acton, who was the first to make these documents known to the public and who was able to quote from the French text itself. If Charles really wrote these letters, there can be little doubt that the novice, whose reception at Sant Andrea on April 11, 1668, is independently attested by two entries in the contemporary official registers of the Society,¹ was, in truth, the natural son of the King of England.

Mr. Andrew Lang, as we have just said, writing in 1903, points out certain serious difficulties which are raised by the text of the letters, but he does not reject them as fabrications. On the contrary, he says in a footnote: "I was at first inclined to suppose that the de la Cloche papers in the Gesù—the letters of Charles II. and the note of the Queen of Sweden—were forgeries, part of an impostor's apparatus, seized at Naples and sent to Oliva [the Father-General] for inspection. But the letters—hand-writing and royal seal apart—show too much knowledge of Charles' secret policy to have been feigned." At a later date, however, Mr. Lang, when reviewing Monsignor Barnes' volume, "*The Man of the Mask*" (1908), retracted the more favourable opinion, giving sound reasons for his change of view. This he followed up by a more detailed study in a magazine article entitled "*The Master Hoaxer, James de la Cloche.*"² The present writer, accordingly, having been asked about that time to contribute to "*The Catholic Encyclopedia*" an article on "*Impostors*" (Vol. VII., p.701 b), made reference to the subject now before us in the following sentence: "Whatever may be said of James La Cloche, a supposed son of Charles II. and for a while a Jesuit scholastic [*lege novice*] whose story has recently attracted attention (see Barnes, "*The Man of the Mask*" and the review by Andrew Lang in "*The Athenaeum*," 26 Dec., 1908) it seems clear that La Cloche and his double were both swindlers, though not of the treacherous order." Further, Mr. Lang, as Monsignor Nolan has kindly pointed out to us, subsequently printed a relatively lengthy notice of de la Cloche in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (11th Edition, 1911) in which after noting that Monsignor Barnes had also surrendered his belief in the genuineness of the letters, he concludes upon the following note: "Who de la Cloche really was it is impossible to discover, but he was a bold and successful swindler, who took in, not only the General of the Jesuits, but Lord Acton and a generation of guileless historians."

It would be impossible here to recount all the intricacies of the problem, or to tell the story of the "*Giacopo Stuardo*, son of the

¹ One of these, the Catalogue of the Roman Province, contains the simple entry "Jacobus de la Cloche, ingressus 11 Aprilis 1668." The other book, "Ingressus Novitiorum ab anno 1631 ad annum 1675," gives his age as 24 and his birthplace as the Island of Zarze (Jersey) subject to the King of England.

² "The Fortnightly Review," September, 1909, pp. 430-439.

King of England," who, a few months after all trace of de la Cloche is lost in Rome, turned up unexpectedly in Naples, but who married, died and was buried there in the course of the year 1669. Was he identical with the Roman novice? Who shall say? Seeing, however, that, in company with Mr. Lang, we have definitely rejected as spurious the letters in the Jesuit archives which are signed with the name of King Charles, a word may be added concerning the flaws which proclaim them forgeries. The most notable point is that three or four times over in these communications, purporting to be written by Charles from London in the course of 1668, it is clearly indicated that the Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria, is residing in London and is sure to be found there by de la Cloche when he comes to England. At the same time it is certain that Henrietta Maria had left London for France in the course of 1665, taking with her all her personal effects, and that she never returned to England again! Secondly, the first document of the series, which purports to be a formal recognition by Charles of de la Cloche as his natural son, written by the King with his own hand and sealed with his private seal, is dated "Whitehall, 27 September, 1665." Now at this time the plague was raging, the King had for some time been on the move in the south-west of England and had just then settled down at Oxford, from which city for four months the whole government was conducted. Why should he pretend to have written this private and highly confidential document in London? Again, the whole system according to which these papers are dated is Continental, not that which prevailed in England. The letter which purports to have been issued on February 7, 1667, would, in England, have borne the date January 30, 1666. Finally, it is barely possible to conceive that the King, who was far from lacking in general intelligence or ignorant of the constitutional principles which then obtained in England, could have written to his bastard son as follows. We quote from Lord Acton's article.

Nous pouvons vous assurer que si Dieu permet que nous et notre très honoré frère le Duc de Yorck mouron sans enfans, les royaumes vous apartient, et le parlement ne peut pas legitimement s'y opposer; et si ce n'est qu'en matière d'estre catholique vous en soyez exclus.

We cannot help entertaining a suspicion that the young man who called himself James de la Cloche must somewhere have come into contact with that astute swindler Joseph Francis Borro, who had already met Queen Christina at Hamburg and had managed to extort large sums from her. It was possibly in the interest of that astute deceiver that de la Cloche elected to play the part he did, though the realization of the scheme was defeated by the younger impostor's premature death. He declared himself when he became a novice to be 24 years of age, but seeing that Charles never went

to Jersey until March 1646, when he was not yet quite 16, his supposed son, if his story were true, could not have been born before 1647, and could not have been more than 21 in April 1668. Finally we may note that the whole problem has been very fully investigated, with explicit reference to both the first and second editions of Monsignor Barnes' volume, by Monsieur E. Laloy, Conservateur adjoint de la Bibliothèque Nationale in his "Enigmes du Grand Siècle," Paris, 1913, pp. 19-40.

H.T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

"The Month." The present number completes the 150th volume of *THE MONTH*. Twenty-five years ago, in December, 1902, on the completion of the hundredth volume, Father John Gerard, the Editor, gave a

summary history of the periodical, to which we may refer the interested reader. Although in its past career it has altered its shape and size and price more than once, its recent life has been fairly uniform: only the desperate experience of the war compelled at once a certain diminution in size and increase in cost. Hence the periodical's consistent denunciation of war, as a foolish relic of barbarism and a standing reproach to Christendom, may be partly inspired by the fact that the effects of the late struggle still prevent a much-desired return to normal. But it is something to have survived those years of strain with no loss of vitality and to be able to continue, in a world that needs it more than ever, that advocacy of true and practical Christianity which has been the paper's aim from the first. In common with many other good enterprises, it could do more if better supported, and if it has not commanded all the success it desires, it has tried at least to deserve it. How often have sanguine editors asserted the manifest mathematical fact that circulation would be doubled if each subscriber obtained another. Not so sanguine, we may at any rate exhort our readers not to allow the notion that our circulation is quite satisfactory to prevent them from spreading it, given occasion. We are really anxious to get back to pre-war bulk and price.

Remembrance Day. It was consoling to notice this year—and this impression seems to have been general—that the Armistice celebrations were much more serious and religious, exhibiting a deeper sense of the evil from which we were freed on November 11, 1918, and of the irreparable sacrifice which was the price of that liberation. Better still, there was a general sense that if we were freed, at such heroic

cost, only from *the war* and not from War in itself, that reckless squandering of blood and treasure was practically in vain. It would seem that the views of Christianity and commonsense, (which always coincide) are at last beginning to prevail, in spite of the war-mongers in press and politics, here and abroad. The words of the Prince of Wales broadcasted on the night of November 11th give apt expression to those views :—

I think you will all agree that with the passing of time the expression of that meaning has changed. This Armistice Day was once a day of rejoicing. It is now a day of remembrance. The full sum of that remembrance not I, nor anyone, can express in words.

If we are to save ourselves and those that come after us from a renewal in an even more frightful form of all that we suffered in the Great War, we must by our every action, in our everyday conversation, and even in our very thoughts seek peace and ensue it.

And a few days before, in some memorable words, Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson exposed the folly and futility of modern war as a weapon of policy. "War," he said, "is a wholly detestable thing, as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished," and he went on to denounce the usual pleas for armed strength as a condition of security as "out-of-date platitudes," roundly declaring the present British fighting forces to be absurdly excessive. This is valuable testimony from one who has had fifty years' experience, and may serve somewhat to discount the official excuses for not proceeding faster with disarmament, on the grounds of the risk involved. The risk is created by the possession of armaments, not by their absence, and although, of course, disarmament must be mutual and simultaneous, the attitude of "waiting for the other fellow to start" means practically continued competition. It is a matter for the great Powers: the smaller ones are already, voluntarily or compulsorily, disarmed. One great Power is already disarmed and is waiting for the rest. The news that Russia has agreed to take part in the reopened Conference on Disarmament on November 30th tends to remove one obstacle behind which militarism has hitherto sheltered itself.

**Peace
must be actively
pursued.**

The cause of peace is happily not a party one, yet it would seem that the present Government is less active in its pursuit than either of its rivals would be. Both the Opposition parties have adopted a much more vigorous programme in support of international peace than our present rulers are carrying out, and emphasize the necessity of signing the Optional Clause agreeing to refer all justiciable disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice and thus give a great impetus to the principle of

arbitration. The Dominions are said to have objected to this Clause as they did to the Locarno agreement,—which yet was signed by Great Britain. There is no more need for united action in the one case than in the other. It would be a pity if the impression were created that the composition of the British Commonwealth was such that it could not fit into the League scheme. Sir A. Chamberlain in his famous speech in the Assembly seemed to suggest a certain incompatibility, and to imply that what was good for the nations represented in the League—that is, practically, for humanity at large—might not be good for the Commonwealth. But the whole conception underlying the League is that nothing can benefit the nations, individually and collectively, so much as the elimination of war as an instrument of policy, and the consequent establishment of mutual security.¹ And the reason why that conception should be made to prevail is that, otherwise, no human power can prevent another and worse war than the last. It is the League or, sooner or later, Armageddon. We in this country, thanks to the sustained efforts of many in the cause of peace, are realizing this truth more clearly, but there are not a few in Europe who have not yet got a glimmering of it. France and Yugoslavia, both members of the League concluded a treaty of friendship the other day, in harmony, we must suppose, with their commitments under the Covenant, and in development of the principles of Locarno. Yet the first results of the signature were anti-Slav demonstrations in Italy and counter-demonstrations in Yugoslavia, just as if two nations could not consolidate peace without having hostile designs on a third. That mentality shows what a task the League, within which all three Powers have covenanted to abolish war, has before it. All the more necessary is it that the chief Powers should put beyond doubt or cavil, by acts rather than by words, their whole-hearted adhesion to the League and its obligations.

**Reasons of
Failure of Naval
Conference.**

A splendid opportunity was lost at the three Powers Naval Conference last July, when, without any previous diplomatic preparation of the ground and instead of saying "War between us is unthinkable : let us therefore get rid of as much as we can," the naval experts of America, Great Britain and Japan met to discuss the size of the forces they would need in the event of war. The whole spirit was wrong. Lord Cecil has lately disclosed in detail how that spirit made the Conference nugatory and why he resigned from the Government. It would appear that, despite constant disclaimers of rivalry with the States and a general flouting of the possibility of war with that nation, the Cabinet were not prepared

¹ Lord Cecil's successor in the Ministry, Lord Cushendun, has, we are glad to say, explicitly recognized this. "I do not believe," he said (*Times*, Nov. 5), "that essential British interests, one of the first of which is peace, ought ever to be at variance with the League of Nations."

to admit a mathematical parity in auxiliary tonnage with the U.S. Navy, whilst the Americans sought the same equality as in battleships. As a result of that refusal, the States can, if they will, double our naval strength : we cannot, if we would compete with them in resources.¹ So we are liable, in any case, to lose that preponderance which was considered necessary to protect the trade-routes. Moreover, in arguing for security through naval strength, it is sometimes forgotten that ships which enable Great Britain to keep open the trade-routes during war also serve to close them against other nations : which is the point of view of those nations. In other words, there is no real distinction between naval armaments for defence and offence.

At the root of the difference between Great Britain and the States are the divergent views held by those two Powers as to the rights of neutral traders in war-time. More would be done towards naval agreement by the settlement of that question than by any proportional decrease of tonnage. Meanwhile, it stands to the credit of the Government that, of three large cruisers authorized for this year, they have resolved to proceed with the construction of only one. This effects a substantial saving, but they will save that and more whenever the policing of the seas is shared by all the naval powers, living with one another in unbroken peace.

**Some Statistics
re
Disarmament.**

If we may trust official statistics, there is also reason for gratification in that, whereas other nations are increasing their expenditure on armaments, Great Britain is reducing hers. We are told that in the last two years her expenditure has gone down by 5 per cent. as against an increase of 10 per cent. in the United States, 30 per cent. in Italy, and nearly 50 per cent. in France and Germany ! And in numbers of men employed there is also a substantial reduction. A further welcome indication of the growth of sanity is the partial failure of the two great armament firms, Vickers and Armstrong's, which has necessitated an amalgamation. No doubt, it was the unnatural stimulation of their energies during the war, leading to vast development of plant, that has caused their present difficulties. They could not, in after-war conditions, divert their machinery to the purposes of peace. The Armstrong Company owns to heavy losses in their civil engineering ventures, whilst Vickers, without pointing the moral, declare that " both companies are very largely dependent on armament orders to occupy such works on a profit-earning basis," the implication being that, in default of orders or, to put it more clearly, because there is no big war on hand, some of their works were run at a loss. As long as war is possible, armament-making is a lawful trade : no shareholder need yet as a matter of conscience sell

¹ The income of the States for the last five years has grown by an average of about £1,100,000,000 per year, whereas the amount of British yearly saving is at present about £200,000,000.

his shares for fear of co-operation in injustice. But the whole matter of private armament manufacture needs careful watching and strict regulation, for a trade, the prosperity of which, *i.e.*, the financial well-being of its shareholders, depends upon the continued and even increased practice of warfare, is a standing menace to the peace of the world.

One of the drawbacks in the constitution of the "The Catholic Council for International Relations," "Catholic Survey." which is composed of delegates from a number of other societies, has been a certain lack of substance and individuality. When not actually functioning at a Congress or sending its members to lecture, it disappears from sight and, therefore, often from mind. Now, however, in the course of the fourth year of its existence, it has remedied that defect by issuing to its members a periodical called *The Catholic Survey*, a modest lithographed sixteen pages, to start with, to appear quarterly and to furnish to its readers a considered Catholic opinion on various aspects of international relations bearing on Christian peace. The first number, just to hand, seems to us to fulfil admirably that ideal, for in addition to notes on matters of interest to Catholic peace-advocates, there are three informative articles, on the fortunes of Catholicism in the Baltic States, Germany and Mexico respectively, a careful review of the relations between the Papacy, Italy and the League; and the first instalment of a "Catholic Philosophy of International Life," a subject of the first importance, if Catholics are to steer clear of Jingoism, Pacifism, Nationalism and the other political diseases that infect the world and hinder the Peace of Christ. The Bulletin is issued "to Associates and friends of the Council," and it is deserving of our warmest support. No doubt, in future issues, something will be said of the activities of the Council itself, past, actual and prospective. A tasteful title page, illustrating the second intention of the Incarnation,—to produce on earth Peace amongst men of good will—carries, but obscurely, the address of the C.C.I.R. Office, which may here be set forth more clearly for the benefit of inquirers
—74 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

We may mention in the same connection the monthly journal published at 3d. by the League of Nations Union (15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.) and called *Headway*, as an invaluable means of keeping in touch with foreign affairs that affect the world's peace, and thus realizing one's duty as a Christian and a citizen. *Headway* (November) reports that the net membership of the Union on October 17th was 640,984, an increase of 53,760 in the ten months. Only by such stimulating and informing of public opinion can the sluggish minds of men be freed from the deadening effect of inveterate prejudice, and realize that security, in the modern world, is better achieved by agreement to arbitrate than by capacity to fight.

**The
Insoluble Problem of
Unemployment.**

Nine years after the Armistice some 600,000 ex-soldiers are living on alms because they cannot find work. In spite of small seasonal fluctuations the burden of unemployment continues to rest on the neck of the community like an immovable old man of the sea, and politicians are beginning to accept it as an inevitable and incurable feature of modern industry. Yet, as has often been pointed out, there is work for these millions of hands—in forestry, roadmaking, agriculture, reclamation—reproductive work which would add to the wealth and prosperity of the country, but year follows year without any attempt to develop the resources of the land through the labour of her idle sons. Great Britain, exclusive of the Dominions, spent, when fighting for her life against Germany, £11,076,000,000 in pure destruction, counting no expense too great to achieve that end and freely mortgaging her future resources : she is now fighting for her welfare against economic conditions due to the war, yet there is no common effort, no organization, no foresight, in her bid for prosperity. Instead of restoring the vast wastage of the war years, the agents of production, Labour and Capital, have been fighting with each other, and accentuating the dislocation of industry. It is safe to say that, if we had been spared this interneine struggle, we should by this time have repaired much of the war-damage and reached more equitable social conditions.

**Comparative
Failure of the
Government.**

The Government which came into office in October, 1924, with a majority of 225 had all the Parliamentary power necessary to set the country on its feet again, and there was no lack of counsellors to tell it how. We quoted¹ at the time the following advice from one of its supporters :—

The Conservative Party with an effective majority in both Houses for four years at least have now a unique opportunity of solving the three problems in which the nation is at present principally interested—(1) housing, (2) unemployment, (3) peaceful foreign relations. It is for them to show that it is possible to solve the first and the second on "individualistic" lines. If they fail, they [the electors] will give the Labour Party national authority to solve these problems on "collectivist" or "Socialistic" lines—

advice which was echoed by many others at the time. During these three years, in fact, the Capitalist system has been on its trial, and no one can be proud of the way in which it has stood the test. Despite great activity in the building trade, we are still terribly behind what decency and humanity demand in regard to housing : no large and permanent reduction has been made in the figures of unemployment, although vast sums have been expended

¹ See "A Chance to cure Socialism," *THE MONTH*, Dec. 1924.

in relief, and although peaceful foreign relations have been successfully maintained, domestic strife has been accentuated. The undoubtedly goodwill of the Premier, the voting power at his back, and the comparative meagreness of the result of three years legislation may be explicable, as Mr. Baldwin suggests, by the impotence of political action to improve economics, but it is more probable that a Capitalist Government lacks a keen appreciation of the defects of Capitalism and is, therefore, less competent to remedy them.

**The
Reproach of the
Slums.**

The Times, in a series of informative articles, has lately made us aware of the continued and urgent need of housing reform. A short time ago, the fact that a million new houses had been erected

since the war was greeted with a chorus of congratulations. But there is no reason for indiscriminate rejoicing if that total represents only a part of the need. The object is, not only to make up for the war-shortage and provide for the annual increase of the population, but to rescue those vast numbers of families, which before the war and since have been living in slums. One of the minor results of the war was to call attention to the degraded conditions in which large numbers of citizens had always been living, and the consequent ideal of making "fit homes for heroes" has happily not perished, like so many others. *The Times* survey covers London and a number of the larger towns in England and Scotland, and it discloses how appalling the extent of insanitary and anti-moral home-conditions is, particularly in the industrial areas. It was declared at the Edinburgh Trade Union Congress that 3,000,000 people (about 600,000 families) in Great Britain are living in disease-ridden, fever-stricken slums. It is in the slums that Bolshevism finds a congenial home, for the moral diseases therein developed are far worse than the physical. That is why every new Government comes into office determined to "settle the slum question." The immensely strong Coalition Government of 1919 put that question in the forefront of its programme. The present Prime Minister, with a stronger, because more homogeneous, following, declared at the beginning of his reign:—

The problem of housing is one that will immediately engage the attention of the Government. . . . We are fully alive to the evils, to the suffering and to the loss of efficiency which result from bad housing, from the shortage of houses, and from the existence of slums. Better houses for the people, quickly provided, clearance of slums and the prevention of slums, are the first necessities of policy for any Government in this country.¹

If only, by some miracle of commonsense the unemployed had been set to providing the unskilled labour involved in house-building, these words would not read so plaintively as they do now.

¹ Speech at the Guildhall, Nov. 10, 1924.

Nevertheless, houses are being erected with increasing rapidity. Some 270,000 were built in the year ending with September 30th. To overcome the difficulties raised by increased costs the Exchequer has granted subsidies since the war to the extent of £54,000,000, but it is still hard to erect a decent house, the rent of which will be within the means of the low-paid worker. And, in London alone, during the last year, about 1,000 people a week have applied at the County Hall for housing accommodation. There is need of still more speed. It is the local authorities that are responsible for the clearance of slums—and it is the localities that have to bear the initial expense. Accordingly, since it requires a keen sense of citizenship and not a little humanity to vote for measures which will increase one's rates, progress is slow.

The Growth
of
Pagan Morality.

A girl is on trial for killing her hopelessly-diseased and painstricken mother, a doctor the other day owned to the coroner that he had let a poisoned man die, because aiding him would have only caused him further suffering. As Christianity decays the practice of "euthanasia," or humanitarian murder, is bound to develop, not without encouragement from public officials. In April, 1919, the Westminster coroner publicly lamented that we were not yet "civilized" enough to recognize such murders as lawful, and his opinion was soon afterwards quoted by two suicides to justify their putting an end to their lives. Obviously, if, on occasion, a doctor may deliberately cause death, the patient himself may do the same.

A similar pagan morality, now occasionally preached from the bench, may be trusted to help the spread of another evil thing, the plague of divorce. Mr. Justice Hill has lately shocked the Christian conscience by urging applicants to seek divorce instead of judicial separation, and Lord Buckmaster, notorious for his advocacy of easier divorce, has taken advantage of the judge's attitude to revive his proposal that the Divorce Court tribunal should at its discretion be empowered to change a plea for separation into complete annulment of the bond. The smaller legal officials, the police-court magistrates, have not been slow to follow this pernicious leading. The usual irrational plea that it is unfair to leave the offending man or woman still under a bond to which he or she has been unfaithful is always urged. It is strange that educated men should not see the premium on infidelity thus afforded and its natural effects in the breaking up of more and more homes. The total of divorce cases decided this year is estimated to reach 3,500, whereas just before the war the number stood at 577. The genuine "hard cases," which move the indignation of sentimentalists like Lord Buckmaster, are few compared with those which are brought about by mere looseness of morals, and were his suggestions or those of Mr. Justice Hill, to bear fruit, only further depravity could be expected. Not as Catholics merely, but as citizens also, do we protest

against the legal condonation of a sin which strikes at the very roots of society. One reform which some would like to see enacted would be the making of marriage-infidelity a felony, punishable by imprisonment and hard labour. The great and growing increase in petitions for divorce has been put down to the prohibition of newspaper reports, by the Act which became law last December. The cleansing of the press is said, though without clear proof, to have resulted in the further defilement of the Courts. If infidelity were made a crime, a much more effective deterrent would be established than the mere absence of publicity.

**Anti-Catholic
Press
Offences.**

The misrepresentations of Catholic belief and the false interpretations of Catholic events and practices are such common form in the non-Catholic press that when his Eminence the Cardinal is moved to protest publicly, the offence must be reckoned grave indeed. The Editor of the *Church Quarterly Review* has printed in his current issue a long rambling and singularly ill-informed article on current Anglicanism by a German Protestant. What a Lutheran thinks about that Church is of little interest to Catholics, but when he ventures, misled perhaps by the gossip of certain groups of Catholics abroad, to insinuate that Catholics in England have been rebuked by the Roman authorities "time and again" for their want of charity towards "Anglo-Catholics," he deserves to be given the lie direct, as the Cardinal has done in dignified and forcible language.

There is now going on [his Eminence continued] a regular campaign of misrepresentation with regard to the attitude of the Catholics of this country towards their non-Catholic fellow countrymen. . . . There is a campaign going on, on the part of cultured, intellectual and well-educated men, which is simply deplorable.

It is not for us to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of this explicit charge. His Eminence mentions the names of certain English monthlies, one of which is especially conspicuous for its anti-Catholic complex. But we cannot help hoping that his words may travel beyond the seas and reach the ears of certain people who have officially intervened in our discussions with our Anglican brethren, and, by creating the mirage of "corporate re-union," have notably harmed the prospects of Catholicism in England.

British Religiosity. What a mentality we have to deal with here, is constantly exhibited in the "religious" articles printed in the secular press. The multitude around us have no grasp of revelation, no notion of faith, no idea of a Church. They are "after-Christians," who have never known what real Christianity is, but are full of vague and illogical impressions about it. They are confused, naturally enough, by the multitudinous sects around them and have no means

of discerning the presence of the one accredited messenger of God, the Church Catholic. Here is one of them, speaking¹ of the "man in the street," whom he supposes, oddly enough, to belong to no Church. "The man in the street instinctively strolls out in the open and gazes at the stars for himself and dreams his own dreams. But the religion of the Gospel may be as dear to him as the clauses and articles of dogma are precious to the sectarian." This sloppy jargone is typical of the "after-Christian." The contempt for institutional religion, the distrust of intellect, the rejection of rule and guidance, the sentimental incoherence, which mark the passage are characteristic of the creedless wanderers who have carried out Protestant principles to their logical issue. This particular writer, who holds that "the gift of appreciating dogma is not given to many," would have the Churches leave religious controversy and concentrate on social reform, which in his eyes forms the sum of Christianity. To a mind like this the assertion that dogma is the formulation of truth, that religious controversy is a means of asserting truth against error, that religion must have an intellectual basis, would sound like an unknown language. His religion abounds in sentimental generalities, incapable of analysis: he is content to feel good, without exactly knowing why.

**Scientific
Dogmatism.**

On a higher intellectual plane are our scientific dogmatists who, like Bishop Barnes, set up an antithesis between reason and revelation. One of them writes, in the current *Review of Reviews*, that Dr. Barnes "accepts the teaching of science and insists that theological doctrine must be altered so as to accommodate itself to the new knowledge," which is a correct-enough description of the Bishop's claim. But he goes on to say that "he [the Bishop] has proclaimed his belief that the descent of man from some ape-like creature has been proved; a belief, needless to say, that is shared by every instructed zoologist, anthropologist and by many devout Churchmen, lay and clerical." As usual, the journalistic sciolist makes no distinction between theistic and atheistic evolution, nor between the view which holds that the whole man, body and soul, has been derived from some non-human organism and the view which confines evolution, and that as an hypothesis, to the body. Of the vast gulf between these theories the writer betrays no consciousness. Nor again does a *Saturday Review* writer (October 29th) who says "the great body of educated religious thought long ago discarded the opinions which the Bishop [Barnes] ridicules with wasted vigour." The Bishop ridiculed the notion that man's soul is not derived by organic change from the brute: surely, even in the Anglican Church, where a competent knowledge of metaphysics is not common, the "great body of educated religious thought" holds, with the Catholic Church, also educated

¹ In the *Sunday Chronicle*, Nov. 20.

and religious and thoughtful, that the human soul is the immediate creation of Almighty God.

Anglican Doctrinal Vagueness. But these newspaper men may perhaps be excused for ignoring distinctions of such moment, seeing that the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, in the carefully qualified letter of rebuke which he addressed to his colleague of Birmingham, shows no appreciation of them. "For myself, at least, [he wrote] I can say that your position on the biological question, in outline and so far as I understand it, is one with which I personally have been familiar for more than 50 years." Note that the Archbishop does not say that he fully understands Dr. Barnes's "position on the biological question," nor again that he agrees with it: only that he has long been familiar with it, as he is, say, with the doctrines of Buddhism. Yet Dr. Barnes gave no loophole for ignorance or misunderstanding of his position. He declared at Westminster that "Darwin's triumph has destroyed the whole theological scheme," and he repeats in his first open letter to the Archbishop "that the whole theological scheme reared by Augustine on the Fall can be rejected without injury to the main fabric of Christian belief." Considering that with the doctrine of the Fall goes that of the Incarnation and Redemption, and the Divinity and Resurrection of Christ and the inerrancy of Scripture and the institution of the Christian Church: all the doctrine of Grace and the Sacraments, of sin and reconciliation,—it will be seen that the destruction, by Darwin and the Bishop, of "the whole theological scheme" has indeed been complete. All this the cautious Archbishop ignored in what the *Church Times* (October 28th) considers "a document of the first importance in the history of the Church," and, of course, the Bishop in his second letter seizes upon this point—"By your tacit acknowledgment of the truth of the biological doctrine of evolution, your Grace removes from Christian ministers of our Church any qualms in proclaiming it." And later on he says, "I have also with satisfaction failed to find any similar repudiation of my own sacramental teaching." Thus, applying a principle familiar to "Anglo-Catholics"—"What is not forbidden is tacitly allowed," the Bishop emerges triumphant from the fray, free to continue, within the comprehensive fold of Anglicanism, his attacks upon Christianity.

Transubstantiation Misunderstood. One of the points of the Bishop's *apologia* was that in denouncing the Real Presence he was but affirming the doctrine of the XXVIII. Anglican article which repudiates Transubstantiation. "If any change takes place," he rightly argues, "it must be in the substance, but such change of the substance the Church of England declares to be repugnant to the plain words of Scripture." It is singular with what recklessness men with little theo-

logical training will discuss one of the most mysterious and technical formulations of dogma. To understand that doctrine one must understand the philosophical theory of matter, in terms of which it is expressed, and that is what few non-Catholics do. Bishop Barnes, with the provincialism that seems inseparable from the modernistic outlook, speaks of that theory, which is universally accepted throughout the schools of Catholicism, as "a now discarded philosophy of matter." Yet it is the only philosophy, as the Bishop has the grace to see, that suits the doctrine of the Real Presence. His brother Bishop, of Gloucester, who is by way of defending Transubstantiation from misunderstanding¹ is not himself, it would seem, very clear as to its meaning. He says, "Transubstantiation . . . does not imply any belief in a physical or material change of the elements" of bread and wine. Now, unless the Bishop means by "elements" what Catholics mean by "accidents," the doctrine does mean precisely "a physical or material change," as indicated by our Lord's words—"This is My Body." Until the creative sentence is finished, what He holds in His hands is still bread, yet because of the creative effect of His words, He could not say "This bread is My Body." Even in the Lutheran theory of companionation, which, as Bishop Barnes aptly points out, has no philosophical basis at all, the statement would not be true: the one thing cannot be two different things at the same time. Generally speaking a thing is so before it is stated to be so: in this case, the thing is so as a result of the affirmation, for the Creator is speaking. But, as to all appearance, the Bread and Wine remain unchanged, the change must have taken place in the substance which underlies the appearances. Many Anglicans profess to shrink from defining the nature of the Eucharist, following the lead of Hooker, far from "judicious" in this respect, who said that the only thought which should possess the mind of a faithful communicant should be—"O my God thou art true: O my soul, thou art happy"; adding, "What these elements are in themselves, it skilleth not." As if it made no difference whether our Lord was present actually or in symbol only! The truer reverence is to ascertain from the teaching of the Church what Christ did, act according to the fact and acknowledge the impenetrable mystery of its accomplishment.

Attention is called elsewhere in this issue to the
Conscience, rightly radical distinction between Catholicism and non-
trained, the final norm Catholicism of every brand, which lies in the ac-
of Conduct. ceptance or rejection of a living infallible
 religious authority whose teaching and ruling one is bound to obey
 under pain of eternal loss. This principle is the Azrael's spear, the
 touch of which straightway discovers the pseudo-Catholic,
 "Anglo" or otherwise. There is only one such authority in the
 world; no Church claims to be infallible except the Catholic

¹ See *The Times*, Nov. 4.

Church, and no other Church, therefore, can reasonably exact or receive intellectual obedience. The highest of high Anglicans in the last resort obeys only himself : he has no one else to obey. The Book? the Councils? the consensus of the faithful?—none of these are authorities : they are only sources of knowledge interpreted by himself. But does not Newman speak of Christ's aboriginal vicar, conscience, as being the final determinant of right conduct? Did not that Catholic champion, Governor Smith of New York, declare that in any conflict between civil law and Christian morality, Protestant and Catholic alike would be guided, not by the decisions of any ecclesiastical tribunal but by their conscience? Rightly understood, both Newman and Governor Smith express Catholic doctrine, but they need to be rightly understood. Conscience is only human reason applied to duty, and in this regard, as in all others, reason needs to be properly informed and rightly used. In addition to the sources of true knowledge and guides to right conduct open to Protestant and Catholic alike, the latter has the infallible authority of the Catholic Church, divinely commissioned to teach faith and morals. As in that teaching the Church cannot go wrong, the Catholic acts with perfect prudence in seeking guidance therein for his conscience : in fact, it is his conscience that bids him go to that sure source for information and direction in matters of doubt. No one but a Catholic has this assurance : no one who rejects or neglects it is a Catholic.

**Papal
Approbation of the
N.C.W.C.** That great organization which endeavours to co-ordinate Catholic activities over the continent that is called the United States, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has lately received emphatic commendation from the Holy See and will doubtless be stimulated thereby to even more strenuous efforts in the cause of the Faith. In a Letter to the American Hierarchy, dated August 10th, the Pope praises the work of the N.C.W.C. on behalf of persecuted Mexico, and notes that, in the special circumstances of Catholics in the States, "this organization is not only useful but also necessary for you." Born under war-conditions, the N.C.W. Council, as it was then called, had not a few vicissitudes in its early youth, for there were some who thought that its usefulness ceased with the war and wished it disbanded. However, wiser counsels prevailed and although it has not succeeded in appeasing all its enemies, and has, doubtless, made some mistakes, it has abundantly justified its existence, and won the support and confidence of the hierarchy, culminating now in the approval of the Pope himself.

It may be taken as an additional testimony to the value of the N.C.W.C. that on October 14th a Doctorate in Sacred Theology, *honoris causa*, was conferred on its General Secretary, Father John J. Burke, C.S.P., by the Apostolic Delegate. Father Burke has presided over the destinies of the N.C.W.C. from the begin-

ning, under the guidance of the Administration Committee of the hierarchy, and this rare and wholly unsolicited honour will naturally be considered as a mark of the reliance the Roman authorities and the American Episcopate place in his zeal and discretion. We trust that he may be long spared to inspire and extend the apostolic work of the N.C.W.C.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Atheism, The Fallacy of [W. I. Lonergan, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 22, 1927, p. 38].

Biblical Commission, Force of its Decrees [Rev. J. Hogan in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov. 1927, p. 324].

Human Origins [P. W. O'Gorman, M.D., in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Oct. 1927, p. 113].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Atheism in U.S.A., Spread of [B. Elder in *Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), Nov. 1, 1927, p. 433].

Barnes, Bishop: his antiquated Darwinism [G. K. Chesterton in *Universe*, Nov. 11, 1927, p. 8].

Euthanasia, Rationalist arguments for, refuted [*Catholic Times*, Oct. 28, 1927, p. 13].

Gore's, Bishop, introduction to Renan's "Life of Christ" [L. Walker, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Nov. 1927, p. 679].

Non-Catholic Philosophy, Vagaries of [H. J. Ford in *Catholic World*, Nov. 1927, p. 145].

Protestantism radically wrong [Cardinal Bourne, reported in *Catholic Times*, etc., Oct. 28, 1927].

Whitney, Prof., on Continuity, refuted [*Tablet*, Nov. 19, 1927, p. 657].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Blessed Virgin, Early English Devotion to [M. Nesbitt in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov. 1927, p. 337].

Brazil, Catholicity in [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1927, p. 292].

Catholics eminent in Electrical Science, List of [I. J. McCarthy, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 8, 1927, p. 608].

Cistercian Spirit, The [N. Doyle, S.J., in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov. 1927, p. 331].

Clerical Editors, In Defence of [Rev. F. J. Martin in *Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), Oct. 15, 1927, pp. 410, 417].

Distributism consonant with the Catholic ideal [H. Robbins in *Catholic Times*, Oct. 28, 1927, p. 14].

Housing, Effects of Good [F. Drinkwater in *The Sower*, Oct. 1927, p. 233].

Latin America and the League of Nations [H. Douglas-Irvine in *Tablet*, Nov. 12, 1927, p. 627].

REVIEWS

I—SOWING IN TEARS¹

DR. GUILDAY is too well known in this country by his valuable work, "The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent," to need introduction to our readers. Time was, indeed, when we had entertained hopes that he would complete his researches in that field by an account of the Foundation movement in Spain, France and Italy, as well as of the apologetic and controversial activity of the leaders of the English diaspora. But such hopes are of the past, for Dr. Guilday as an American and as Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America, has very naturally transferred his investigations to the history of the Church in that continent. For some years past he has been engaged in wide and valuable research on the subject and already has given to the public the fruits of his labours in his two-volumed "Life and Times of John Carroll" and in his work on "The Church in Virginia: 1815-1822." In the volumes under review he carries forward the story two decades further, centring the facts around the career of John England, the first Bishop of Charleston.

The work will be heartily welcomed by all interested in the development of the Church in America: it supplies indeed a real want for the career of this great bishop has been strangely neglected; the short and inadequate memoirs of 1843 being hitherto the only source of our information. A strange neglect! for Bishop England was unquestionably the foremost ecclesiastic of his time in the United States.

His promotion coincided with, and was in great part the consequence of, a very critical condition in the Church of that country. The organized whole into which Archbishop Carroll had welded the separate and often discordant elements of the Church, had become again disunited under the weak rule of Neale and amid the difficulties that beset the régime of Maréchal. Dissensions broke out in every large centre of American Catholic life; until a veritable epidemic of misrule ensued, due largely to the abuses of the trustee system, and the consequent exorbitant claim of patronage on the part of the vestry, abetted, it is sad to say, but too often by unworthy priests. The schisms in New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk and Charleston, with their unseemly brawls and tumults, were formidable enough taken singly and brought the Church into increased contempt among Protestants; but a far more serious

¹ *The Life and Times of John England, first Bishop of Charleston: 1786-1842.* By Peter Guilday, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. New York: The America Press. Two Volumes. Pp. xi. 596, 577.

danger portended in the possibility of the recalcitrants coalescing and creating an "Independent Catholic Church of the United States," subject directly to the Jansenistic Archbishop of Utrecht. Such a possibility was soon dispelled, however, by the new bishop, who rapidly gained control over the malcontents in his diocese of Charleston where the conflict was most serious : and the ease with which the young prelate, but thirty-four years old, mastered the evil of dissension is an achievement of Church Statesmanship, as Dr. Guilday remarks, scarcely equalled since the days of John Carroll.

Singlehanded he had grappled with the difficulty in his own diocese ; but with that clarity of vision peculiar to him, he saw that the effective remedy for the prevalent abuses lay in the calling of a Provincial Council and the concerted action of the whole American episcopate, and though, owing to the inexplicable opposition of his metropolitan Maréchal, failure attended all his efforts in this direction during the latter's life-time, success finally came to him, in the assembling of the First Provincial Council of Baltimore, which effectively put an end to these dissensions and firmly laid the corner-stone of ecclesiastical discipline. It is but justice to the memory of John England, to ascribe in great measure, to his prudent foresight and unwearied efforts, the good effected by this and subsequent Councils held during his life-time.

Disappointed during the early years of his episcopate at the want of any sort of co-operation or of a common *modus agendi* among his fellow bishops, he was forced to follow his own plans for supplying the crying needs of his diocese and giving it some organization. His most pressing problem—and, indeed, that of the Church as a whole in America—was the formation of an English-speaking diocesan clergy, thoroughly in sympathy with the ideals and institutions of the young nation. The lack of such properly-trained priests had been the chief source of the disorders mentioned above, as well as the cause of very severe loss to the Church by apostasy, whilst with all praise allowed for the heroic efforts for the American priesthood on the part of the Society of St. Sulpice and the French clergy in general, the dependence and overseership of foreigners involved in the former, and the presence among the latter of ecclesiastics out of sympathy with the institutional methods of America, did but deepen, thus early, in the minds of the American people the conviction of the alleged incompatibility of Catholicism with the American Republic. It was these reasons that led the new Bishop to found his own diocesan seminary at Charleston in 1822, and one feature of his career is his heroic effort to keep this establishment in being, despite lack of means, want of adequate support from the laity, and cold discouragement, if not positive opposition, on the part of some of his fellow bishops.

This is not the place nor the time to describe in detail the other zealous labours of this amazingly active bishop :—his further

efforts to obtain a regular recruitment of sorely-needed priests from Ireland, with safeguards to prevent America being made the dumping ground of "undesirables"—only to find himself deserted in this matter by all the prelates present in the second Council of Baltimore : his devising and carrying into effect—despite the suspicious opposition of his fellow bishops—of his ingenious Constitution for his diocese, thoroughly in keeping with the democratic feeling in America yet fully safeguarding the Catholic principles of Church government : his yearly Conventions according to that Constitution, which if they did not succeed in enlisting adequate support for his projects, did untold good, nevertheless, in bringing Catholics together, making known to them their obligations and deepening their hold on the faith by the retreats which closed the proceedings : his labours on behalf of education witnessed to by the foundation of the Classical and Philosophical Seminary for youths and by the establishment of a primary and secondary school for girls, conducted respectively by the Sisters of Mercy and the Ursuline nuns from Ireland : his efforts to stem the rising tide of Protestant prejudice by his eloquent addresses before Catholic and Protestant audiences and by his vigorous articles on a wide range of subjects in the paper of his own creation, *The Miscellany*. He realized indeed far more than most of his contemporaries and as many in our own country, both priest and laymen, do not yet realize, the imperative necessity of using the press as *the means for enlightening a Protestant public*.

All these activities and others are fully and ably described in these two volumes ; leaving the reader with a deep impression of the exceedingly gifted, high-souled and powerful personality of this great bishop :—his rapid intuitive grasp of situations and of the needs of the Church in America ; his ingenuity in devising and tireless energy in procuring means to meet them ; his quick understanding of and thorough sympathy with American ideals combined with an undoubted love of his adopted country ; his bold and impressive eloquence which won universal recognition—even from those opposed to his Faith—his dauntless courage and patient perseverance amid difficulties that would have crushed one of lesser mould ; his grand fearlessness in ever standing out as the champion of the Catholic Church before a society which contemned when it did not hate it ; and underlying all and explaining all, his unflagging, unconquerable zeal for the Church of God. He died at the comparative early age of 56—worn out, it may be truly said, by his labours for the souls entrusted to his charge.

And yet despite the above impression there is throughout a subdued note of unfulfilment, of tragedy. The lesson is a serious one. Never adequately supported by the laity of his diocese he was suspected and opposed by most of his contemporaries in the various sees of America. To none did he give his confidence except to Rosati, "and to Rosati he wrote more than once that the hostility

and opposition of his fellow bishops to every plan and policy he proposed for the betterment of the Church in the United States, practically paralysed his work as an American bishop." His successor was appointed only after the see had been vacant for two years; and under him his projects one by one were abandoned, "the unity of spirit which he had given to the Church in the state constituting the diocese of Charleston began quickly to wane" and silence fell upon the long years of his episcopate. "Had he been in one of the larger cities or, better still, had he succeeded Maréchal or Whitfield in the Metropolitan See of Baltimore"—and it was the opposition that kept him out of this as well as out of the see of New York—"his splendidly equipped mind, his incisive, trenchant pen and his peerless ability as a public speaker might have prevented much of the animosity towards a church" of which he was the honour and the pride.

Dr. Guilday's treatment of the subject is what one has been led to expect from his former works. He makes the documents gathered by a very wide research dominate throughout. Withholding for the most part his own judgments on men and movements, he allows the original source to speak and to speak abundantly: his treatment is objective in the extreme. But it may fairly be questioned, whether it would not have been better to have summarized many of the documents, given the reader his conclusions with a reference to the authorities on which they are based, and relegated the sources to an appendix of *pièces justificatives*. He would then have avoided the inartistic breaking up of the text by frequent and long quotations which often enough leave the impression of diffuseness. Indeed from this latter defect he can hardly be exculpated: but it is only fair to add that the reason of it lies in his attempting to combine the biography of John England with a general history of the Church in America. Thus movements which might be quite succinctly explained for the purposes of a biography are given fuller treatment by reason of the general history. Why this method of writing the history of the Church around its leading personalities is necessary at present the author explains in the Appendix. And the attempting to do so in the present instance may account for the biographical part being exclusively taken up with the external activities of England; not one chapter being devoted to his inner life. But these are slight defects in a work which is certainly one of the most important contributions to the history of the Church in America, and we have but to congratulate Dr. Guilday on a fine achievement.

Congratulations also are due to The America Press which, after the fashion of the Universities here, has made this large and excellently-produced work the first of a series of Catholic productions, which, unless a certain financial risk were faced by some corporation, might never see the light. "The 'Thought' Foundation" has made an auspicious start.

L.H.

2—MYSTICISM¹

THIS is the best book on its subject that has appeared in recent times. The brilliant academical distinctions of Père Maréchal would of themselves prepare the reader for a high degree of learning and originality in his work : but even his notable qualifications as a doctor in philosophy and in many other branches of science would not have sufficed to give these studies their unique value, were not their author also possessed of an intimate sympathy, on the supernatural side, with the subject with which he deals. As the title implies, it is the psychological aspect of mysticism, treated empirically, that forms the main thesis of the book, and the researches of the author lead him far afield. After a somewhat severe, but always most attractive, analysis of the methods by which religious psychology should be approached, leading to the conclusion that the methods of "science" may be legitimately applied to the facts of Contemplation, since "special communication with God is not an illusion" and "the action of Grace in the ordinary Christian life has probably an empirical value," the author passes to a study of the constitutive element of Contemplation, the "feeling of Presence." He examines this "feeling" first in the broadest possible sense, narrowing (or is it elevating?) his examination to its manifestation in the spiritual sphere and finally in the experience, principally, of non-Christian and non-Catholic instances. This, the mystical activity, is (he says) "an intense converging of all the elements of the mind towards an Absolute . . . apprehended more and more directly as the Unique Subsistent into which flows back the reality of all contingent substances" : a succinct scientific commentary on "The All" of St. John of the Cross.

A close study of the features of Christian Mysticism follows, illustrated by comparison with extra-Christian mystical states, in which the author displays a truly admirable breadth of view. His remarks (pp. 202, 203) on the possible existence of true mystical states among non-Catholics and non-Christians are particularly well worth noting.

Almost the most interesting section of the book is that entitled "The Problem of Mystical Grace in Islam," which resolves itself into an illuminating examination of the teaching of the great Moslem mystic Hallâj, who for his heterodox doctrine was, by the order of the Caliph of Bagdad in the year 932 A.D., scourged, crucified, his feet and hands struck off, and finally beheaded.

A "Comparative Study of Mysticism" summarises and com-

¹ (1) *Studies in the Psychology of the Mystics*. By Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Translated by Algar Thorold. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. vii. 344. Price, 10s. 6d.

(2) *La Contemplation Augustinienne*. By P. Fulbert Cayré, O.S.A. Paris: André Blot. Pp. xii. 337. Price, 20.00 fr.

pletes a work of the highest value by a past master of his subject. The translation into English must have been difficult : but Mr. Algar Thorold, as one would expect, has accomplished this task with notable success. A general index would have been a very great boon. Perhaps we may hope for this in a future edition.

P. Fulbert Cayré, O.S.A., is a colleague of P. Maréchal at the University of Louvain, where he is Professor of Patrology. In the first 258 pages of his book he is occupied with a close analysis of the spiritual teaching of St. Augustine, and the final chapters aim at a general synthesis of the Catholic doctrine of the interior life drawn from the writings of the great Masters, with whom St. Augustine is shown to be, in all essentials (and, to a surprising degree, in detail) fully at one. In his *Contra Faustum Manichaeum* St. Augustine takes Lia and Rachel, the wives of Jacob, as figures, respectively, of Action and Contemplation : the one "blear eyed," accomplishing her wifely duties but unable to see, or not caring to look, beyond them to that of which they were the symbols : the other perfect in beauty, brilliant and intelligent, seeing through the appearances to the Verity itself, type of the "luminous wisdom" which, for Augustine, is the definition of Contemplation. There can be no doubt that in this Plotinus was his teacher, though to the over-emphasized intellectualism of the great neo-platonist he had to administer the corrective of the Christian ideas of filial love, humility, personal adoration, hope, confidence, and the sense of sin.

In the space at our disposal we can do no more than commend very heartily to those for whom the solid bases of mystical science have the importance that they should have for every thinking Catholic, this absorbing study of what is practically the earliest example of their systematic presentation.

3—APOLOGETICS¹

THE author of that valuable text-book *The Principles of Christian Apologetics*, Fr. T. J. Walshe, M.A., which appeared in 1919 has followed it up by another volume, complementary to the first, which he calls, rather unwisely, we think, *The Principles of Catholic Apologetics*—unwisely because the distinction is an arbitrary one, and because the two books are thus liable to be confused with one another. In Catholicism is the fullness of Christianity, and the defence and explanation of both are identical. The old distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion would have better differentiated the scope of the two books. However, title apart, Fr. Walshe in this second and larger volume has trans-

¹ *The Principles of Catholic Apologetics.* By Rev. T. J. Walshe, M.A. London : Sands and Co. Pp. 392. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

lated, adapted, supplemented and re-arranged Père Garrigou-Lagrange's *De Revelatione per Ecclesiam Catholicam proposita*—a large scholastic treatise which the eminent Dominican taught at the Roman Collegio Angelico—for more advanced students, paying especial attention to the philosophy of the subject, because it is in this region that the Catholic apologist has generally to meet the attacks of the modern unbeliever. Some acquaintance with scholastic philosophy and with the various systems that have tried to supersede it, will be found necessary for the fruitful reading of these compact chapters, wherein are passed in rapid survey the different schools of religious thought outside the Church, and the arguments which expose their errors. And some ability to follow close reasoning, for if the book has a fault it lies in the severely analytic form in which the truth is presented. Divisions, *schemata*, charts, abound, so that easy and continuous reading is impossible. Almost every chapter might be expanded into a book, and we are tempted to look upon the work as a sort of condensed summary of an apologetic collection. Nevertheless, what the armchair philosopher eschews will be welcomed by the earnest student, working with pen in hand within reach of a good reference library. Fr. Walshe gives us no precise indications of the nature of the changes, omissions and additions he has made in his adaptation, except that the keen and devastating criticism of M. Bergson is not in the original, but from the prominence given to English opponents it is plain that much of value to the English student must have been interpolated. The sub-title gives a clue to its main object. It is styled a "Study of Modernism," and, indeed, it faces boldly that protean monster, that synthesis of all heresies, the radical vice of which is the rejection of revelation and the supernatural, and the constructive abolition of institutional Christianity. How widespread and deep-rooted is the evil outside the Church may be seen from the number and variety of its chief advocates, whose false teachings are carefully analysed and trenchantly exposed in these pages. The defence of supernatural revelation necessitates the establishment of first principles of reasoning, for heresy often takes refuge in denial of man's capacity for absolute truth, the explanation of the supernatural, the possibility and need of revelation, its credibility and the motives thereof. And then, specifically, the mission, testimony and character of Christ the Revealer, and the unique status of Christianity. Much study and mental digestion will be requisite before the contents of this volume can avail the lecturer in the Park, but it will be a Godsend to those who teach the lecturers, and to the theological student. A handy Index of Important Subjects gives ready access to this apologetic storehouse.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

THE Abbot of Buckfast, Dom Anscar Vonier, has made a collection of the eschatological essays which he had printed from time to time in the Abbey magazine, "Chimes," and called it **The Life of the World to Come**. It is by no means easy to write and speak about that "which no eye has seen, no ear has heard . . .", but though we see as "through a mirror," the author has succeeded in gathering all the various reflecting rays of light—from reason and revelation,—to create a vivid, impressive and attractive picture of the life to come. And the vision is not an empty mirage, but bodies forth a sound theology.

We welcomed Father Prat's great exegetical work, **The Theology of St. Paul** (B.O. and W.: 15s.), in January last, when the first volume appeared in English, and now in December we greet the second and final volume produced by the same publisher at the same price and translated as before by Mr. John J. Stoddard. Heretics before and after Luther have wrested the Pauline teaching to their own damnation. So inspired and creative a writer demands an infallible interpreter, such as is provided by the magisterium of the Church. Faithful follower of that tradition Père Prat develops the true Paulinism in masterly fashion, showing in this volume the Apostle's appreciation of the plan of Redemption, the person and functions of the Redeemer, the means offered to sinners of redemption, the preservation of its fruits in the Church, and so forth, elucidating his meaning by convergent references. No one, armed with this commentary, need fear the fallacies of the most sophistical rationalist, whilst he will draw from it a more profound knowledge of the Faith which St. Paul lived and taught and died for. A series of General Tables referring to both volumes and comprising an analytical summary of St. Paul's doctrine, a full Index and a list of passages discussed, completes the usefulness of the work.

We have space only to note the appearance of the first instalment of six volumes, one-sixth of the great "Treasury of the Faith" Series, edited by Dr. George D. Smith of Old Hall, priced at 1s. and 2s. each according to binding. The series is the fulfilment of a long-felt want of a short and popular exposition of Catholic theology, capable of serving the needs of the non-Catholic enquirer and of the Catholic non-clerical student. The present volumes, of which more shall be said, comprise **An Outline of Catholic Teaching** (2) by Dr. Smith, **God the Creator** (6) by the Rev. Dr. Miller, **Jesus Christ, Model of Manhood** (12) by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., **Mary, the Mother of God** (15) by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., **The Sacramental System** (21) by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, and **Christian Marriage** (30) by the Rev. E. J. Mahony.

BIBLICAL.

Father Simón, C.S.S.R., formerly a student at the Biblical Institute, was preparing to bring out a full course of Introduction to Holy Scripture, and had already published two volumes dealing with the New Testament; the demand for a new edition prevented him from proceeding at once to the Old. He had re-edited the first of his New Testament volumes, when he was overtaken by a premature death.

The new edition of the second New Testament volume has been prepared for publication by Father Prado, C.S.S.R., himself also a lecturer in Holy Scripture and former student of the Biblical Institute: as is indicated in the title—*Praelectiones Biblicæ ad usum scholarum*, a R.P. Hadriano Simón, C.S.S.R., S.Script. lectore exaratae: Novum Testamentum, Vol. II.: editio altera recognita et aucta a R.P. J. Prado, C.S.S.R., S.Script. lectore (Marii e Marietti: 32 lire). This part deals with the Acts, Epistles and Apocalypse. In accordance with Father Simón's dying wishes, his work upon the rest of the series will be completed and edited by his *confrères*, so that, in all, two volumes upon the Old Testament are promised, an introductory volume, and a *Synopsis Evangelica*. The brief memoir of the author prefixed to the present book speaks highly of his virtue, talent, industry and learning, and we have no doubt that the whole series will maintain the same high standard as heretofore, and prove a valuable addition to our biblical resources. Under the peculiar circumstances of publication we feel it enough to express our regret at the loss of such a biblical scholar, and to offer our best wishes for the completion of his work.

Although there is much of Dr. Rendall's *The Epistle of St. James and Judaic Christianity* (Cambridge University Press: 7s. 6d.) that is written in an easy expository style, there are many passages that make us feel sure that the book is the fruit of patient thought and study. Any student of the epistle should be careful to take account of it. In its total result the book should have a steady effect upon the modern reader; upon the question of authorship, for example, we may quote Dr. Rendall's opinion that "it would be hard to imagine a production more in keeping with all that we know of the antecedents and career of James, brother of the Lord" (p. 38)—that is, in "the topical aspects and expression" of the Epistle. Nevertheless, we find points of disagreement. There is no evidence that up till St. James' death "the Church at Jerusalem remained central, the fountain-head of Christendom" (p. 29); and the writer appears to be reading his own attitude into the Epistle when he finds it "broadly comprehensive" (p. 30). Nor can we believe that the Epistle was written without thought of the Epistle to the Hebrews (p. 83). Still, in the turmoil of modern critical opinions outside the Church, we are prepared to say that this book should exercise in the main a good influence.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

The confessor experiences great difficulties at times in giving the benefit of the doubt to penitents. The treatment, in the Sacrament of Penance, of those who do not abandon occasions of sin and of those who relapse into sin, is a subject of the greatest importance for Catholic theologians. The work of Father F. Ter Haar, C.S.S.R., *De Occasionariis et Recedivis* (Marietti: 30 l.), presents at great length and with immense erudition the doctrine of St. Alphonsus Liguori. For that reason, this work is to be highly commended to students of Moral Theology. We have found the author a trifle polemical, and so convinced of the validity of his reasoning that he is not gentle to opponents (cf. p. 355). But it is all to the good to read so able an exponent of the mind of St. Alphonsus as Father Ter Haar. He would, we feel sure, be the first to admit that the rather rigid speculative view has to be

modified in practice, for, as in medical treatment, so in spiritual treatment, every case has to be dealt with on its own merits. The occasions on which a confessor would feel inclined to adopt the teaching of St. Alphonsus on the matter of refusing absolution would, we believe, be rather rare, and even then, one might well ask: What would the Saint himself have done? We cannot help suspecting that so great a director of souls was more humane in his practice than we, his readers, would be, if we followed his theories literally.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Dr. Siegfried Behn in *Sein und Sollen: Eine metaphysische Begründung der Ethik* (Dummlers Verlag: 9.75 m.) draws a world-wide picture of the battles of the human mind in its attempt to conquer the truth. Limits of time and space are swept away and, as it were, in a prolonged and vast campaign, the reader watches the conflict between such antithetic ideas and ideals as Materialism and Spiritualism, Dualism and Monism, Positivism and Idealism, Mysticism and Criticism, Intellectualism and Voluntarism, etc. The great protagonists, Democritus and Leibnitz, Descartes and Spinoza, Hume and Plato, Plotinus and Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer, meet there face to face, and the impartial onlooker is able to determine their strength and their weakness. Unfortunately the constructive part of the book, which is intended to show the essential interpenetration and interdependence of Metaphysics and Ethics and to plead for a sound metaphysical basis, suffers from the luxuriant style which blurs lines of thought which ought to be kept separate. But even as it is, this fascinating book, which is a typical instance of the return of German philosophy to sound Realism, is a splendid vindication of the permanent values of the "philosophia perennis" of our great mediæval thinkers.

APOLOGETIC.

For the benefit of French readers Père J. D. Folghera, O.P., has made a study of Newman's works in defence of Catholicity, which he calls *Newman: Apologiste* (Desclée: 12.00) and goes over the familiar ground covered by the *Apologia*, "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties," the "Present Position of Catholics," the "Glories of Mary," and the "Vaticanism" controversies. The writer shows a correct appreciation of the services to the Catholic Cause rendered by the keen mind, transparent sincerity and trenchant pen of the great Oratorian. It is not so clear why Père Folghera has affixed to his book the famous pastoral of Cardinal Mercier on the "Malines Conversations" which, excellent in its intention, ignores much for which Newman stood. The writer of "Anglican Difficulties," full of compassionate understanding of the ethos of Anglicanism, would have been the last man to give Anglicans any pretext for thinking that he thought that they belonged in any sense to the Church. The Abbé Hemmer, in an able preface, recognizes that Newman never imagined the possibility of "corporate reunion," but does not himself realize that the English Church even in its "highest" development is as essentially the product of private judgment as the lowest Lutheranism.

DEVOTIONAL.

Since those that are well cannot join the Apostolate of Suffering, Providence has brought into being another—"The Association of Victims

for Holy Church," which was founded in Rome some twenty-five years ago by the holy soul who also founded the "Little Company of Mary." A volume by one of its members, *Victims of Love: the Spiritual Life as it can be lived in the World* (Herder Book Co.: 5s. n.), gives an account of the spirit of this Association, which has for aim the supernaturalizing of daily life as a means of impetrating graces for God's Kingdom on earth.

Three small devotional manuals,—Louis de Blois' *Guide Spirituel* (Téqui: 3.50 fr.) with which are bound the *Maximes Spirituels* of St. John of the Cross: *Jesus-Christ dans l'Eucharistie* (Téqui: 5.00 fr.) and *Outre-Tombe!* (Téqui: 3.50 fr.) by Abbé L. Rimbault—sufficiently describe and recommend themselves by their titles.

HISTORICAL.

Father Ronan, historian of the Reformation in Dublin, has exercised his talent for research to good effect in his recent book *St. Anne: her cult and her shrines* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.). He has shown that devotion to the Mother of Our Lady began fairly early in the Church,—first, naturally enough, in Jerusalem and Syria, then at Constantinople, then in Rome where recent discoveries connect it with the sixth or seventh centuries, and finally developed in the West, through the discovery of her tomb at Apt, near Marseilles. The great popular shrines at Auray in Brittany and at Beaupré in Canada have obscured the fact that the cultus of the Saint was once much more widespread and that here in England many shrines were dedicated to her, as also a very ancient one in Dublin. Father Ronan's researches, attractively produced with illustrations, should do something towards spreading this cultus.

LITURGICAL.

The *Ordo Divini Officii* (published by Mari e Marietti of Turin for 3 lire) for 1928 has been carefully drawn up and is beautifully printed. The summary of the new rubrics given at the beginning is particularly well done. Among the smaller matters which invite criticism is the statement on p. 25 that a collect ordered by the Bishop should be omitted on the feast of the Kingship of Christ, even if it is appointed to be said on doubles of the first class. No doubt this is in accordance with the spirit of the rubric (Tit. VI., no. 4), but it cannot be deduced from its letter, nor has a decision to this effect appeared so far in the *Acta*.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

With the laudable desire of reviving amongst his countrymen, and English-speaking Catholics generally, an interest in Canon Sheehan's contributions to good literature, Father Francis Boyle has published in *Canon Sheehan: a Sketch of his Life and Works* (Gill and Son: pp. viii.-95) a vivid estimate of that remarkable man both as priest and writer. Dr. Heuser's large biography and other sources have been freely drawn upon, and perhaps this shorter Life will reach many who have not read the long one. No one can read either, we fancy, without longing to make the literary acquaintance of one who was so learned and so simple, so experienced and so unworldly. We believe that Mgr. Benson's works are being produced in a cheap uniform edition. Has no publisher sufficient faith in the future of Catholic letters to make a similar venture

with the 18 inspired volumes which represent Canon Sheehan's output?

The flourishing girls' school conducted by the Religious of St. Joseph at Tamworth has brought knowledge of that Congregation to many English folk. But far fuller information may be gained from **The Life of Mère St. Joseph Chanay** (B.O. and W.: 4s. 6d.), its Foundress, which has recently been abridged into English from the French original. The Congregation was one which, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, was destroyed by the French revolution, and subsequently restored piecemeal in various French Dioceses. Mère St. Joseph is regarded as foundress of the establishment at Bordeaux. The Congregation is said to have carried out the ideal of St. Francis of Sales, which the then prejudice against unenclosed nuns prevented him from fulfilling. The Introduction of Mère St. Joseph's "Cause" makes the appearance of this life most apposite.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's great **Life of Cardinal Newman**, three times reprinted here and twice in the United States, is now offered to a wider public in a single volume at 18s. n. by Messrs. Longmans. Its interest is perennial, for it shows that even under an authoritative system like that of the Catholic Church there is room for clashes of opinion but no room for differences in matters of faith. We have the whole two volumes here, except the *pièces justificatives* of the appendices, and the Index is printed unchanged, so that it is not wholly trustworthy as regards this new issue.

A perusal of the letters of St. Francis of Sales in the superb Annecy edition has inspired Father Allan Ross of the Oratory to collect therefrom all that deals with Madame de Charmoisy so as to present a clear impression of this woman to whom, in a sense, St. Francis's masterpiece is due. The result is an admirable study, called **The Philothea of the "Devout Life"** (B.O. and W.: 3s.), which traces the exact relationship between the book and the lady who, it appears, was the medium through whom St. Francis tested his ascetic theories. It is this that gives its practical value to the "Devout Life." St. Francis could claim that its principles were justified in their results, in the progress, that is, which he, a connoisseur in sanctity, perceived in the soul of his "Philothea."

The writings of another great director of souls, St. Alphonsus Liguori, have been rifled to form the spiritual anthology called **Thoughts from St. Alphonsus** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d. and 5s.), compiled by Father McNeiry, C.S.S.R., and arranged to form an inspiring suggestion for every day of the year.

NON-CATHOLIC.

It is a fact of experience that many different sects may be founded on an eclectic study of that wonderful yet non-self-explaining book, the Bible. Mr. M. Dodgson Graves has studied his Bible and is convinced that the Second Coming is at hand. He states the grounds of his conviction in a nicely-printed book called **Christ's Coming Reign on Earth and Signs of its Nearness** (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.: 2s. 6d. n.). The author shows a minute knowledge of the Sacred Text and is able to marshal texts from all sides to support his views, but underneath it all is the assumption that all prophecies have yet to be fulfilled, whereas the Catholic knows that many have already been realized in the Church.

The Rev. G. M. Bevan in **Early Christians in Rome: their words and pictures** (S.P.C.K.: 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.) gives a lucid account of Catholic

origins in the Holy City, drawn, naturally, from the Catacomb-records and from the first Christian writers. It is excellently illustrated and would be a useful companion to a visitor seeking knowledge and edification, for it "points the moral" with commendable frankness, whenever the faults and follies of paganism, ancient and modern, stand forth to form the background of the heroism inspired by the Faith.

MAGAZINES.

Two highly specialized but very important periodicals, *The Inter-University Magazine* and *The Sower*, appear in somewhat modified form in their recent October issues. The former has changed its format and its name, and starts a new life as *The University Catholic Review* (thrice yearly: 6d), addressing itself to all University Catholics, past and present. Father Martindale continues to be Editor, and he is supported in this issue by a number of "strong" contributors—Lord FitzAlan on "The House of Lords," Father O'Hea on "Trades Unions," Father Ronald Knox on "Infallibility," Miss K. Balfe on "The Catholic Woman in Social Life," and so on—making, with his own stimulating reflections, most excellent reading. Father Drinkwater has handed over *The Sower*, which was his own creation, to Mgr. Gonse, of St. Bede's, Manchester, to become, more formally, a Quarterly Journal of Catholic Education. The new Editor's first number contains contributions from the Cardinal Archbishop, the Archbishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Pella, Father Drinkwater, Father Martindale, and Mr. O'Dea, and his own far-ranging notes. We are glad that the all-important cause of Education, from the University downwards, will continue through these two live organs to be advocated with increasing vigour.

VERSE.

The muse of M. Michael, who publishes *Tramp Things* (C. W. Daniel Co.: 2s. 6d. n.), divides her attention mainly between Ireland and the English southlands, and has something tuneful and fanciful to say of each. The author manages in easy rhymes to convey his love of the wild and his sense of Nature's loveliness. There are some travel-pieces as well that breathe an atmosphere of true devotion.

The selection of verse from the voluminous works of Dr. Sigerson, physician, artist, historian, littérateur, called *Songs and Poems* (James Duffy: 3s. 6d.), made by his daughter, belong to a past generation, for the Doctor died in his 89th year nearly three years ago. The songs have passed in large measure into the musical heritage of Ireland, and the poems, mostly in the old conventional metres, preserve much of her scenic beauty and tragic history.

The fine work of Wilfrid Rowland Childe is familiar to many readers in the pages of many periodicals, and to fewer, perhaps, in a collection of little volumes, which we have noticed here from time to time. His latest book, *The Country of Sweet Bells* (Gay and Hancock: 3s. 6d. n.), will maintain his reputation as a poet who keeps to the old forms and methods, yet shows much originality of thought.

With such poetic material to hand as the Bible narrative provides, it could not have been very difficult for Mr. R. L. Mégrroz to turn into passable blank verse *The Story of Ruth* (Elkin Mathews and Marot: 3s. 6d. n.), but his achievement ranks higher than this for by filling in

the outlines of the story and giving it its due scenic setting he has produced a really beautiful idyll which in no way strains or falsifies the exquisite pathos of the original.

FICTION.

When reading Miss Viola Meynell's latest novel, *A Girl Adoring* (Arnold: 7s. 6d. n.), one might fancy oneself watching some delicate-handed surgeon dissecting a complicated organism with unerring skill. It is eminently a psychological story: incidents are few: plot of the slightest. But the study of character is absorbing, and the one criticism that suggests itself is that the same cleverness is expended in depicting the unlovely types as in analysing the beautiful. The chief male character, Morley, is so vividly painted in his colossal conceit and self-complacency that one feels defrauded because he escapes poetic justice. One would rather have had a more elaborate portrait of the object of the girl's adoration, Hague. But it is on the girl herself, modest, unselfish and capable of the deepest feeling, that Miss Meynell's highest skill is bestowed. The quiet pages are full of Nature, closely observed and lovingly sketched, and the language has the unobtrusive quality of the purest prose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If Mr. H. P. V. Nunn had included in the second edition of his admirable volume *An Introduction to Ecclesiastical Latin* (Cambridge University Press: 6s. n.) some references to or extracts from the glorious prayers from the Roman Liturgy—Prefaces, Mass-collects, Breviary-hymns, etc.—he would have added still more to the value of his book, and benefited a large class of readers who wish to know Church Latin, not merely or mainly so as to read the Vulgate, but chiefly to follow closely the ordinary Services of the Church. As it is we cannot imagine a better guide for those who, remembering some of the grammar they learnt as children, wish to get a readable knowledge of the tongue in which St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Thomas and other intellectual giants expressed themselves for all time.

A most interesting book has been compiled from the Annals of the Congregation by Mary J. Giblin and called *Stories of Nazareth House* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.). By its means the reader is taken over much of the world and introduced to the charitable activities of the Sisters in many lands. Since its foundation, not 65 years ago, the Congregation has grown immensely, and proved a civilizing influence wherever it has been established. The Sisters of Nazareth, like the Sisters of St. Vincent, have become a household word even in this de-Christianized land and, since their charity knows no limits of age or sex or creed, they appeal for aid, and not in vain, to non-Catholics as well as Catholics. This volume abounds in stories of the spiritual good which follows their ministrations and of the wonderful way in which God's Providence assists them.

Dr. Edwyn Bevan has written *Later Greek Religion* for the Library of Greek Thought edited by Mr. E. Barker (Dent: 5s. net), and the volume is excellent. He gives extracts illustrating the thought of the early Stoics, the Epicureans and other more reputable philosophies as they developed; but also what concerns popular religion, special cults like Sarapis, outlying thinkers like Philo, second-century Platonism,

scepticism, religion; Hermetic writers, Gnosticism, and Neoplatonism. Just enough notes are given to make the extracts intelligible where slips might be made. But the introduction is admirable, though perhaps the author simplifies rather more than we would care to do. He reduces the valuable ethical element in Greek worship and belief to the importance attached to oaths (yet Polybius, I think, said that the difference between Roman and Greek was that the former's word could be trusted, while the Greek would wriggle out of any pledge, however safeguarded by oath), and protection given to suppliants. Quite praiseworthy is his refusal to allow that the same word, in Christian and non-Christian systems, is likely to mean the same thing, or that superficially similar practices are likely to carry the same ideas on this side and that, and, above all, for refusing to see a mystery religion in Christianity. He perhaps gets the Christian notion of the loss of unbaptized souls into a somewhat wrong perspective, and there was of course an individual salvation as well as a communal one, in the early Christian's hope. But seldom have we seen so independent an assessment of the situation, so sympathetically and wisely offered.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Sir Richard Terry's **Still more Old Rhymes with New Tunes** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. n.) repeats the success of his previous volumes, for these sixteen new tunes suit the old rhymes admirably, and whatever *nuances* escape the music are invariably caught and displayed by the talented pencil of Mr. Gabriel Pipett.

An illustrator of even greater cleverness, disguised as "Robin," adorns the new sketch of St. Stanislaus which Mother Maud Monahan calls **On the King's Highway** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.). Never have we seen the spirit of that brief romantic career better expressed than by this union of talents.

The enterprise which Sir Ernest Benn, the publisher, calls the **Sixpenny Library** takes apparently all knowledge for its province, not excluding religion. Its 151st volume, indeed, contains a rapid survey by Father Martindale of **The Religions of the World** which, in the 80 allotted pages, not only describes the chief world-cults but contrasts them with the pure religion of Christianity. It is a marvel of condensation.

A very attractive book of religious instruction for the young, called **Our Sacraments**, abundantly and prettily illustrated and printed in large clear type, has been written by the Rev. W. R. Kelly, and is published for 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

The C.T.S. output to hand consists of reprints—**Words of Encouragement** by the Rev. D. Considine, now in its 50th thousand; **His Greetings** by Mother St. Paul; **A Simple Mass and Communion Book**, and **The Duties of Married Life** by Cardinal Mercier; and **The Church in Scotland** by Bishop Gray Graham; there are also two new leaflets—**What Science Owes to the Catholic Church** and **Christ the King**.

The experiences of a veteran missioner are embodied in an attractive brochure by Father Vander Schueren, called **The Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith: thoughts and observations**, and adorned by three capital portraits of its author.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ANDRE BLOT**, Paris.
La Contemplation Augustinienne.
 By P. Fulbert Cayré, O.S.A. Pp. xii. 337. Price, 20.00 fr.
- ASCHENDÖRFFSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG**, Münster.
Das Verhältnis John Locke's zur Scholastik. By Dr. A. Tellkamp, S.V.D. Pp. 124. Price, 5.00 m.
- BEAUCHESNE**, Paris.
Septembre 1792. By G. Gautherot. Pp. 174. Price, 10.00 fr.
- BENN**, London.
The Religions of the World. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 80. Price, 6d.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE**, London.
A Life of Ramon Lull. By E. Allison Peers. Pp. 86. Price, 3s. 6d. *Our Sacraments.* By Rev. W. R. Kelly. Illustrated. Pp. 128. Price, 2s. 6d. "Treasury of Faith" Series. Vols. 2, 6, 12, 15, 21, 30. Pp. between 80 and 90 each. Price, 1s. and 2s. *Lex Levitatum.* By Bishop Hedley. 3rd edit. Pp. lvi. 349. Price, 7s. 6d. *Madeleine Sémer.* By Abbé Klein. Pp. xiv. 262. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Soul of the Apostolate.* By Dom Chautard, O.C.R. Pp. 266. Price, 3s. Catholic Almanac 1928. Price, 2d.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.**
The Way of Modernism. By J. F. Bethune-Baker. Pp. 150. Price, 6s. n.
- CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY**, Maryknoll.
Blue Gowns. By Alice Dease. Pp. viii. 224. Price, \$1.50.
- CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS**, Exeter.
The Life of Mother Mary Agnes Amherst. Pp. viii. 378. Price, 10s. 6d.
- CONSTABLE**, London.
Through Jade Gate and Central Asia. By M. Cable and F. French. Illustrated. Pp. xvi. 302. Price, 10s. n.
- DENT**, London.
Brother John. By Vida D. Scudder. Pp. x. 336. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- EVRE & SPOTTISWOOD**, London.
The Dialogue concerning Tyndale by Sir Thomas More. Edited by W. E. Campbell. Pp. xviii. 732. Price, 30s. n.
- HEFFER**, Cambridge.
The Lord's Minstrel. By C. M. Duncan Jones. Illustrated. Pp. ix. 219. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- LIBRAIRIE PLON**, Paris.
Le Doctrine Politique de Saint Augustin. By Gustave Combès. Pp. x. 482. Price, 35.00 fr.
- LONGMANS**, London.
The Plurality of Worlds. By T. Hughes, S.J. Compiled by M. Chadwick. Pp. vii. 276. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *Christ in the Christian Life.* From the French of the Rev. J. Duperry. Translated by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. Pp. xx. 202. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *India and the West.* By F. S. Marvin. Pp. viii. 182. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Man who would save the World.* By John Oxenham. Pp. 210. Price, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. *On the King's Highway.* By M. Monahan. Illustrated. Pp. 58. Price, 3s. 6d.
- LONDON UNIVERSITY PRESS.**
Students' Guide to the Libraries of London. By R. A. Rye. 3rd edit.: revised and enlarged. Pp. xxv. 581. Price, 10s. n.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.**
Some Authentic Acts of the Early Martyrs. Translated and edited by E. C. E. Owen. Pp. 183. Price, 6s. n.
- SHEED & WARD**, London.
The American Heresy. By Christopher Hollis. Pp. 368. Price, 8s. 6d. n. *O Beata Trinitas.* Translated by Rev. J. Gray. Pp. vii. 141. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *From Scotland's Past.* By Cecil Kerr. Illustrated. Pp. 147. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *A Short History of England to the Conquest.* By P. J. Moran, S.J. Pp. ix. 165. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- SIMPKIN MARSHALL & CO**, London.
How to decorate your home. By W. T. Sainsbury. Pp. xi. 218. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATION OF FAITH**, New York.
Kilima-njaro. By Right Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S.S.P. Pp. 137. Price, \$1.0. *Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols.* By Dr. R. Streit, O.M.I. Illustrated. Pp. xii. 172. Price, \$1.25.

(Acknowledgment of many new books unavoidably held over.)

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